December 1965

Ramparts

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Bernard Fall's Vietnam Album

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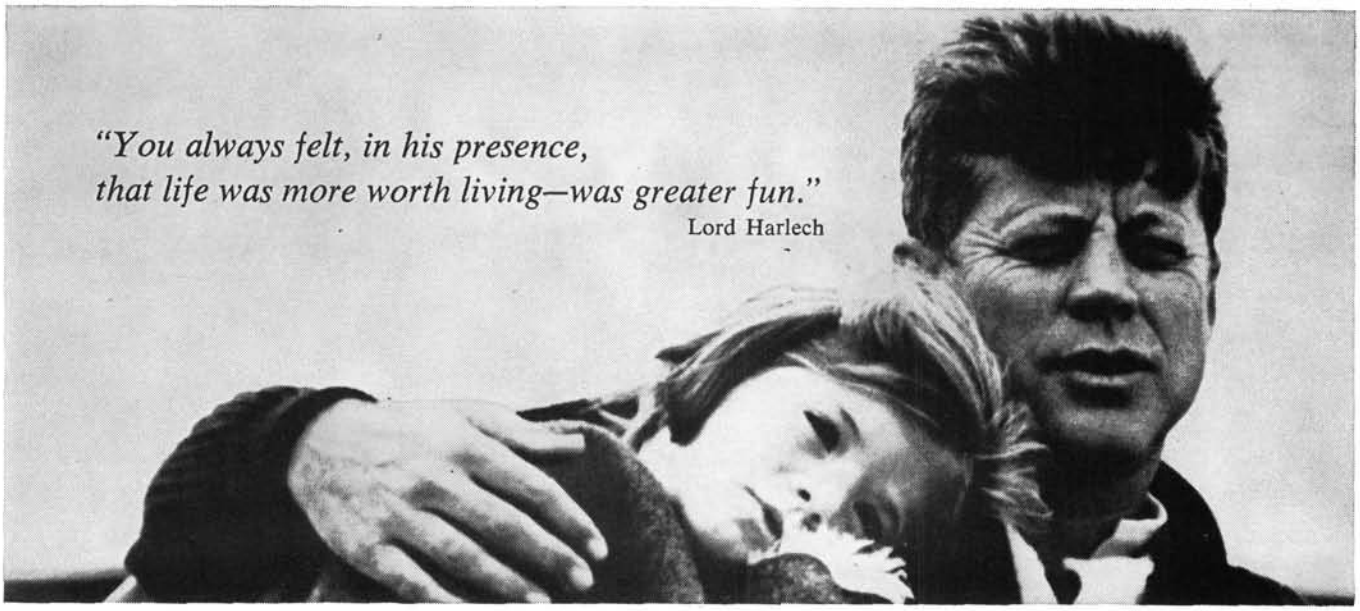
[Heating up the Cold War: *Pages 19, 23 and 65*]



"You always felt, in his presence,
that life was more worth living—was greater fun."
Lord Harlech

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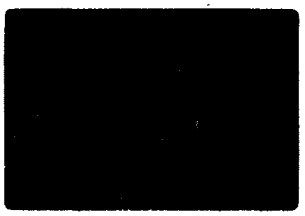

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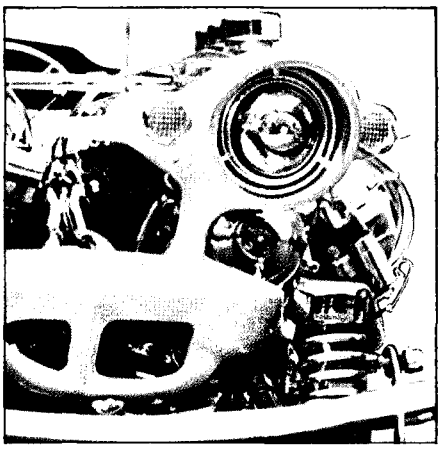
[Page 23] Vietnam Album



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Ramparts

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[ADVERTISEMENT]

"Yes, Teddy, there is a Ramparts!"

CERTAIN MOMENTS, of bittersweet necessity, must be etched in the retaining walls of history.

One such moment occurred on a bright, cold morning last December in a Capitol Hill office. There, grasping the *New York Times*, was the junior senator from Massachusetts in a state of consternation. On the *Times*' front page was the account of an interview on Vietnam with Iowa Senator Frank Church. The interview was in a magazine called Ramparts which the *Times* described as "edited for lay Catholics."

"But I'm a Catholic," said Ted Kennedy, "and I never heard of Ramparts!"

We pass on this bit of historical miscellany for what it is worth. It gave the boys in the Ramparts' counting house at Menlo Park a hearty chuckle. It also illustrates what a crazy magazine, really, this is.

Some people (like the *New York Times*) think Ramparts is a Catholic magazine. Others (like Cardinal McIntyre) think it's anti-Catholic. A lot of people think we're Communists. Trotskyites, even. And we've been called Birchers, too, of course.

Well, that's the rub.

What Ramparts *is* is the subject of rather constant conversation. We certainly *were* a Catholic magazine, once, back when we were a quarterly (1962-1964). But that was before Protestants and Jews and other types came into the pages. And onto the staff.

We suppose one could say that we're now part of the liberal press, whatever *that* is. But this would fly in the face of Ramparts' criticism of the Liberal Establishment as the essential providers of the para-missionary mentality underlying the Johnsonian consensus that, sometimes, you have to bomb people for their own good.

This all leaves us with a missing definition and a proposition:

At ridiculously attractive special Christmas rates, we will allow you to plague your friends (or, if you're a particularly perverse fellow, enemies) with the Ramparts Dilemma for the next 12 months, approximately.

You may ruin a few perfect relationships this way, but then again you may just spark *the* perfect description of Ramparts. (That is, if in return for the boon of these economical [meaning cheap] gift rates you keep this handy form by your nightstand and fill it out as soon as the telephone signals your friend(s) reaction(s).

[HANDY NIGHTSTAND FORM]

FRIENDSHIP(S) REPORT(S)*

1] My friend ☐ called ☐ wrote ☐ telegraphed ☐ walked over and said "Ramparts is a _____

_____

_____

_____

_____ magazine ☐ . ☐ ! ☐ ? "

2] I never heard from my friend. Since I'm certain *nobody* can read Ramparts without reacting, violently or otherwise, you have obviously not sent out the magazine. Are you incompetent, or whatever?

* *For more than one friend, or big mouth reaction, we are happy to provide longer forms, postage-free.*

Anyway, even if this doesn't solve our identity problem, it all may help make it a livelier new year for your friend(s) — with the Establishment-dissecting in Ramparts by writers as diverse as Jessica Mitford and Leslie Fiedler, Arnold Toynbee and Nat Hentoff, Nelson Algren and Rolf Hochhuth.

Use the card opposite. A gift announcement worthy of Ramparts will be sent to the designee(s) with your name hand-inscribed. If you have more than two friends, we suggest using an extra sheet of paper.

And, if somebody is properly imbued with the mood of the season, he might spring for a sub for Teddy Kennedy. He's in the Washington white pages.

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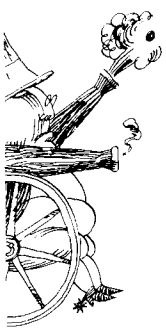
Marginalia

itorial:

AMERICANA



Out of the East, so history records, repeatedly rode "the hordes" who threatened to destroy civilization. Not only did they threaten civilization, they also had the lamentable practice of laying bare the land and killing the innocent bystanders of history who happened to live between them and their manifest destiny.

But for every Attila, for every Genghis Khan, there was a riposte, a monumental victory for civilization. True, the land was devastated, peasants destroyed, but these were incidental to final victory. Civilization has always been preserved. In fact, it was Don Juan of Austria, so history again tells us, who finally salvaged Europe and allowed modern man to emerge, insulated from all that was menacing. The East, for once and for all, had been returned to the East, allowing the Kipling mentality of "East is East and West is West," to hold sway.

And so it has been for centuries.

But, two awkward questions arise: What is East and what is West? Who is the menacing horde? It is one thing to read history; it is another thing to participate in the historical process, especially if one does not know East from West or barbarian from defender of civilization.

. . armored and armed by Divine dinance . . .

In the Asian view we are from the East, but we do not appreciate this fact. So westernized are we, that we continue to believe we can solve every problem by a final shoot-out at the old corral. Since we are good (civilized) and therefore armored and armed by Divine Ordinance, we can, in our white sombrero, kill every*thing* (the devil is always black, or at least colored, but definitely not human) that imperils us.

We would like to believe that the West is protecting itself from the hordes of the East, but actually the West (Asia) is attempting to stave off the barbarians from the East (the United States). Europe once could legitimately charge that it was being invaded; so now can Asia. Notwithstanding the efforts of our government to confuse the essential moral issue by insisting that a war in Vietnam is better than a war on our own continent — all this bluster in the thermonuclear age is stretching credibility to the breaking point — it is patently clear that it is Asian soil, not American, that is soaking up blood while at the same time being put to the torch.

. . . the rhetoric of the Big Lie . . .

And, to sustain this belief, the American government has developed a rhetoric for the people. Quite simply, it is the rhetoric of the Big Lie. The people, partly through inertia, partly through wishful thinking, accept the rhetoric which presumes to prove that American military aggression is designed to preserve the security of the country. This is palpably false.

What in God's name drives this government of ours to cry havoc when it faces no menace? Only the fraudulent rhetoric that we are in mortal danger from all sides, even from diminutive Santo Domingo — which could be laughable if it were not so terrifying in its implications.

If we assume that man acts upon some inner logic, how can we explain American actions?

French Jesuit Jean Danielou once said that the worst crimes in history have been committed out of self-righteousness, and it is out of self-righteousness that this country proceeds to act. There is only one civilization, and it is western, with all that that connotes. It is the civilization of culture and democratic institutions. It is the civilization founded upon forms and institutions that had their origins in the European experience. Most importantly, it is the civilization to which the United States is born; there can be no other civilization. Indeed, this American sentiment is so profound as to be an almost genetic condition. It compares with Hitler's Aryanism and the ancient Greek conceit that all non-Greeks were barbarians. Traditional religion has been replaced by a new one known as Americanism. We would make the world in our own image, and herein lies disaster, not only for this country but also for the world at large.

. . . it compares with Hitler's Aryanism . . .

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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The end we have in mind is to "Americanize" the rest of the world and produce reasonable facsimiles of the United States in all the rest of the nations, particularly those that derive from a different historical experience, an experience we are incapable of either understanding or respecting.

We are missionaries and we would convert all mankind, much as Christianity was forced upon nations by ambitious princes and prelates in Europe. Will we never learn the lesson of history?

The atom is harnessed to our self-righteousness, and even now we are riding out of the East to engulf the world, and no one can gainsay us this glorious experience.

. . . we know who the wolf really is . . .

We cry "wolf!" But deep within ourselves we know who the wolf really is.

We are the victors of history, and the spoils are ours. The United States Government knows precisely its own strength and the weakness of the rest of the world. While we disclaim any colonial ambitions, while we insist that everything we do is for our national security and for the preservation of civilization, while we insist we want peace, we act contrarily.

Vietnam, which we are now in the process of destroying, is an exercise, a testing ground similar to that of Spain in the 1930's. But it is more. It is a token of our ambitions in Asia — yet Asia is only part of our plan.

Latin America, while presenting the image of independence, is locked into the American way of life. While we lament the inequities of the past and endorse the Alliance for Progress, we merely sharpen our practices to further debilitate Latin American countries, thus making them our colonials.

. . . Africa is our sporting ground . . .

Africa is our sporting ground. We use this vast continent much as we do ordinary peoples who are out of work and seeking jobs at whatever price. Although someone like Nasser is a thorn in our side, we know how easily we can crush him and others like him.

Western Europe, with the exception of DeGaulle's France, is a lackey to American ambitions and is scarcely worth commenting upon, particularly by those formulating American programs that encompass far more than this meager appendage to the Asian colossus.

So, here we are. We have the power of the gods of Olympus. But we have their weaknesses, too. Hubris has never been restricted to the Greeks or their gods.

Blinded by success, made heady by our unlimited power, we have entered a new age that is predicated upon our rules of the game. Game? No. Once we were rather sporty, but now we are in deadly earnest.

. . . we are in deadly earnest . . .

All this requires order, the *sine qua non* of any empire. Only then can there be peace.

Once Rome was master of the world. *Pax Romana.* Rome fell to the barbarians.

Once Nazi Germany, in its spasm of megalomania, threatened to master the world. Pax Germanica. A thousand years shrank to a miserly twelve.

Now America is master of the world and tentative possessor of even the stars. Pax Americana.

Opinion:

COLLARING THE BISHOPS

by Rev. Paul Zeller

In the following article, Paul Zeller, a Roman Catholic priest, calls for radical reform of the Catholic Episcopacy.

Because he is morally certain that his views would be suppressed by the Church's censorship system, Father Zeller has intentionally bypassed the provisions of the Church's Canon Law which call for ecclesiastical censorship of such an article. In so doing, he merely invokes another Church law which says that any *Church law ceases to exist when it ceases to be reasonable. He believes, therefore, that the Church's censorship system is unreasonable.*

Father Zeller has served the Archdiocese of Portland (Ore.) for the past 24 years as an assistant pastor, pastor, and institutional chaplain. He is now chaplain at St. Mary's Hospital, Astoria, Oregon.

Rev. Paul Zeller

In the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, Christ prefaces His famous excoriation of the Scribes and Pharisees with the words: "The Scribes and Pharisees have sat on the chair of Moses. All things, therefore, that they command you observe and do. But do not act according to their works; for they talk but do nothing. They bind together heavy and oppressive burdens and lay them on men's backs but not with one finger of their own are they willing to lift them. In fact, all their works they do in order to be seen by men for they widen their phylacteries, and enlarge their tassels, and love the first places at table and the front seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the market place, and to be called by men, 'Rabbi' . . .'

It would be unfair, perhaps, to apply this statement too rigidly to the bishops and cardinals now attending the final session of the Vatican Council. They don't claim to sit on the chair of Moses, but or

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the chair of Peter. They don't love to be called "Rabbi" but "Your Excellency" and "Your Eminence." They don't widen their phylacteries, for these are out of style, nor enlarge their tassels. They do, however, love the royal robes that distinguish them as "Princes of the Church" and the first places at table; and the front seats in whatever takes the place of the synagogue. They love these things because they are human. Human beings tend to be either proud or envious depending on whether they belong to the haves or the have-nots. Envy is a kind of negative pride, pride in reverse, and pride is the first of the capital sins. It tends to be a correlative of power; and bishops, cardinals, Pope, are in positions of power. They therefore have to love the trappings, the homage, the honors that go with their high offices. This is a general statement so as to admit of exceptions, but in general it is true. Lord Acton said it best probably when he remarked: "All power tends to corrupt, and absolute power tends to corrupt absolutely."

. . . the first places at table . . .

That bishops, being human, tend to be theologically proud admits of an easy demonstration. Theological pride is defined as the inordinate preferment of self. Self is preferred inordinately when it is preferred irrationally, when it exceeds the bounds of justice. Steps of a sort were taken to curb inordinate, episcopal self-preferment as early as the sixth century when Pope Gregory I reigned as Bishop of Rome. In those days religious communities of men and women — monks and nuns — were under the direct jurisdiction of the local bishops. Since these bishops, corrupted by power, were disposed to lay insupportable burdens on their subjects' backs, the religious communities had recourse to Rome. Gregory, himself a monk, was sympathetic to their complaints. He issued what were called *privilegia,* exemptions from particular points of episcopal control.

inordinate, episcopal ferment . . .

Bishops, like kings, were a proud lot. The bishops still are — because they have position, power, prestige, and a lifetime tenure of office. They have to take "nothin' from nobody," as the saying goes—except, theoretically, from the Pope. The American philosophy of government was designed to remedy the pride of kings — by abolishing the kings along with the whole concept of medieval aristocracy. The Constitution of the United States specifies that the government is not to confer titles of nobility on any of its citizens. Even the tenure of office of a popularly elected chief executive is limited. If we don't believe in the *Divine Right of Kings,* we believe even less in the *Divine Right of Presidents.*

. they have ke "nothin' iobody". . .

It is time that Catholics the world over stopped believing in the *Divine Right of Bishops.* According to the theory, all ecclesiastical superiors are appointed by God. St. Paul is even quoted to prove it. In his Epistle to the Romans, Paul says: "Let everyone be subject to the higher authorities; for there is no authority except from God, and those who exist have been appointed by God. Therefore, he who resists authority resists the ordinance of God, and they who resist bring on themselves damnation."

We can't know precisely what St. Paul had in mind. We can be perfectly sure that if we could get him across the table over a cup of coffee, he would have trouble explaining the appointments of a few Popes we could mention, and quite a number of bishops. The brutal fact of the matter is that bishops are appointed by the Pope on the recommendation, usually, of other bishops. The Popes, in turn, are elected by a predominantly Italian College of Cardinals who have been previously selected by an inevitable Italian Pope. What part God plays in ecclesiastical politics can't be known. Nor can it be known that He invariably plays a part. Man has free will, and bishops are men. Man's free will can obviously frustrate the will of God — if the Ten Commandments are an expression of it. If we concede that bishops receive their right to rule directly from God at the time of their consecration, we must still insist that there is nothing in Scripture that says they have to retain the exercise of that right in perpetuity. Popes, in any event, have often presumed to suspend it.

. . . an inevitable Italian Pope . . .

Just as the American philosophy of government was designed to remedy the pride of kings, so the Calvinistic aspect of the Protestant Reformation proposed the same remedy for the pride of bishops, namely, abolition of the bishops. Being an orthodox Catholic, I wouldn't go along with this. Government is necessary. If you don't have authority at the top, you are bound to have chaos at the bottom. Moreover, it is inconceivable that an institution as vast and varied as the Catholic Church could operate with anything other than a hierarchical, non-democratic form of government. Candidates for the papacy could hardly be expected to fly about the world soliciting votes. *I would propose, however, that bishops be appointed for a limited term of office* in the manner of Jesuit pro-

. . . remedy for the pride of bishops . . .

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vincials. *Ten years should be long enough for any man.* Despite what they often think, individual bishops are not indispensable, and the security of a lifetime tenure works against the virtue of humility.

I would also propose that canonically established unions or associations be allowed for the secular clergy. The religious clergy (those attached to monasteries) have been exempt from episcopal jurisdiction for centuries. They have been exempt because bishops, like quasi-absolute rulers of any kind, can't be trusted with power. Ecclesiastical, like civil, politicians are made of the same stuff. It is a stuff that is perennially subject to the law of the magic current, the law that says that when a human being sits on the chair of authority, a magic current rises, passes through the seat of the pants and trunk of the body into the head. It expands or inflates the head, and causes a more or less chronic condition known as "fat-headitis." Once again, this is a general rule so as to admit of exceptions. But they *are* exceptions. They are certainly not the rule.

. . . can't be trusted with power . . .

Clerical unions or associations would help to check the condition. *Just as labor unions serve to check industrial tyranny, so clerical unions would help to check episcopal tyranny.* The clergy should have the right of assembly, first of all, for the purpose of electing their representatives. They should have the right of free speech; the right to discuss their problems openly, make resolutions and transact business. Their representatives should have the canonical right to speak in their name to the local bishop, and the right of appeal to higher authority in case of conflict with the bishop. The higher authority, in turn, should adjudicate on the basis of right and wrong, not on the basis of "authority must be sustained" — as it now does when dealing with individual priests. Integrity would thus be restored to the Church's system of jurisprudence. Clerical unions would help bring things out in the open. The present "top secrecy" system militates against justice. It is no wonder that the papal states rebelled against the Pope in the last century. Christ put it just right when he said: "The light has come into the world, but men have loved darkness rather than light because their works were evil. For everyone who does evil hates the light, and does not come to the light that his deeds may not be exposed. He who loves truth comes to the light that his deeds may be made manifest, for they have been performed in God." This is something else the Church needs to borrow from the American philosophy of government — freedom of the press; freedom to criticize the government; freedom to throw light on the fallibility of her ecclesiastical politicians.

. . . clerical unions would help to check episcopal tyranny . . .

. . . "top secrecy" system militates against justice . . .

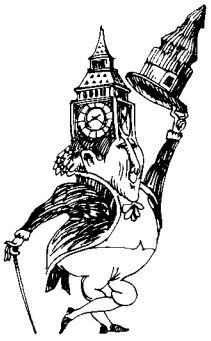
A truly remarkable feature of the Vatican Council, which professes to represent the universal Church, is that no one but a bishop has a voice in it. The euphemism has it that priests are represented by their bishops. This is like saying that labor is represented by management. A queer kind of representation. We could add that Rome would be better served by selecting her bishops from the elected representatives of the priests rather than from the recommendations of bishops who have been seduced by what Gibbons calls "the arts of attendance and flattery."

. . . a queer kind of representation . . .

London:

It's Only Made of Clay

by Terence Prittie



It is a truism that Englishmen tend to be touchy about things which don't really matter very much, whilst remaining comparatively unaffected by events and problems which rock the world. The controversy over the Rock of Gibraltar is an excellent case in point.

For about a year now the Spanish authorities have been imposing a "little blockade" on Gibraltar. People and goods can still, indeed, move across the frontier between British Gibraltar and Spanish La Linea — a wretchedly poor, sleazy little town which has lived very largely in the past off Gibraltar's British and other tourists. But all movement across the sandy isthmus which connects Spain with the Rock is subjected to immensely tiresome and totally unnecessary delays by the Spanish customs officials. Pedestrians come off most lightly — because around 8000 Spaniards go each day into Gibraltar and earn wages which help to defray Spain's foreign currency requirements. It is very different for motorists.

A motorist, either entering or leaving Gibraltar, may arrive at any given moment of the day and find himself, for instance, fourth in the queue at the frontier. He may then reckon on having to wait upwards of two hours to cross it, while Spanish customs officials lounge around, smoking and chatting and utterly unconcerned. When his time comes for a customs examination, it will be carried out at a snail's pace and with no discernible object in view. The Spanish Government has claimed that present customs difficulties are due to large-scale smuggling from

. . . the queue at the frontier . . .

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Gibraltar to Spain. But this is not at all obvious from the customs examination at La Linea, where little is either found or looked for.

The "little blockade" has resulted in tourist traffic to Gibraltar dropping by 50 per cent in the past ten months. The amount of money spent in Gibraltar by people living in Spain has dropped by much more than that. Gibraltar's excellent car-hire firms are going rapidly bankrupt. Food and drink shops are closing down. About the only beneficiaries of the "little blockade" are the shoe shops — which used to be unable to compete with superior Spanish craftsmanship and lower Spanish prices. Gibraltar has, quite simply, ceased to be a tourist *entrepôt*.

. . . food and drink shops are closing . . .

The Rock has practically no worth to Britain today. Its harbour has coaling facilities for British ships moving between Atlantic and Mediterranean. But the idea that Gibraltar could "block" the Mediterranean to enemy shipping is extinct. Modern weapons could reduce it to ruins and military impotence. Its airfield is minute and there is simply no terrain to expand it. It may cost the British taxpayer nothing, but it produces no revenue for Britain. It is nothing more than a minor responsibility and cannot be regarded even as a minor asset.

Yet Britons are readier to get angry about Gibraltar than about the India-Pakistan conflict, the Indonesian confrontation of Malaysia or the creeping alienation of the black races of the Commonwealth from the Motherland. For one thing, the Rock, with its Barbary apes and its euphoric associations with a great age of colonial dominion, has a symbolic and sentimental value. For another, its inhabitants are not Spanish (they are, roughly speaking, one-half Genoese, one-quarter Maltese and one-quarter mixed Jewish, Moroccan and Levantine), and they feel themselves to be "more British than the British." It is considered utterly impossible to desert them — especially when they announce with such conviction that they wish to remain under British rule. Their attitude runs counter to every non-colonial country's concept of colonialism.

. . . the Rock, with its Barbary apes . . .

Anxious discussions have been going on for months between the British Government and the Gibraltarians themselves. They have two purposes in view: to give Gibraltar a new status and to examine the possibilities of an understanding with Spain.

The new status is needed because Gibraltar cannot be given the complete self-government which Britain originally planned for it. This would conflict with the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht of 1713, which laid down that the Rock was a British possession but that, if Britain wished to give it up, it would revert to Spanish ownership. What is now envisaged for Gibraltar is the status of the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, with local self-government only. The Rock would be given a new constitution, but the most cogent clause would be that it is a part of the United Kingdom.

Curiously enough, the Gibraltarians, who take a near-sighted view of their problems, consider that a new constitution would represent a "concession" to Spain. The Spaniards would regard it as nothing of the kind, but as a further attempt to prevent Gibraltar's reverting to Spanish ownership. Gibraltarians, at least, realise that they have to "live with" the Spaniards and should think in terms of an understanding with Spain. Some of them want what they call "regional cooperation" with Spain.

. . . a "concession" to Spain . . .

This would entail, primarily, giving Spain the same rights in the harbour of Gibraltar as those enjoyed by NATO powers. This would be a common sense move in any event. Secondarily, Spain could be offered a "presence" on the Rock, in the shape of a Port Office, flying the Spanish flag and enjoying extra-territorial rights. This would be a symbolic victory for Spain, and the Port Office could do useful work at the same time — implementing Spanish rights in the harbour and cooperating with the Gibraltarian authorities in combatting smuggling. Spanish honour — and how much that matters to any self-respecting Spaniard! — could be assuaged.

. . . any self-respecting Spaniard . . .

During the war the late Sir Winston Churchill spoke stirring words of encouragement to the Gibraltarians, and gave firm instructions for the nourishment of the apes sojourning on the upper slopes. In the present era of the Churchill cult it is not surprising to hear members of the Commons announcing that "countermeasures" must be launched against Spain or that the Spanish workmen who keep the harbour functioning should be forcibly denied entrance. This is not an adult approach to the problem. A gesture which would pay attention to Spanish pride and prestige would also enable Generalissimo Franco to leave (in due course) high office with at least some progress having been made over a place whose name — like that

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of Calais with England's Queen Mary — would otherwise be found written on his heart. Here is the nut of the problem and the kernel of its solution.

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A Brief on Rosenberg's Judgment

ıcius E. Woods

In your October editorial you praise unreservedly a proposal by James N. Rosenberg, who sees a World Court that "will be granted compulsory jurisdiction over all the nations of the world but whose decisions will be completely unenforceable by the weaponry of war." There have been many proposals over the years to alter in one respect or another the present mechanism of the International Court of Justice (the "World Court"). Frequently these proposals are accompanied by assertions that if they are adopted the improved Court will be able to provide a ready solution to great world conflicts. Proponents of this approach to peace frequently overlook some very basic problems.

First, it must be recognized that a court's function is to determine legal, not political, disputes. The latter require resolution through such means as election, plebiscite, mediation, negotiation and delegate voting. You have a legal dispute when each nation asserts that *present law* favors its position. Are any of the present great conflicts legal disputes? You do not have a legal dispute when one of the contending nations feels that present law (the status quo) is incompatible with its interests. The current revolution of rising expectations is not content with enforcement of the existing rules. What its participants want is to have their legal rights vastly improved and extended. By analogy: if the Negroes in the Los Angeles ghetto had had legal rights to what they believe themselves entitled, they would have been in the courts last summer, not in the streets. The nations which are and will be the sources of world conflict don't have legal rights to their national objectives.

the Negroes in the Los Angeles ghetto . . .

Second, we must recognize that courts usually apply existing rules. They rarely make new law because they are not expected to do so and are usually criticized when they do. Legislatures are elected to

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make new laws, and legislators, for this reason, have to stand for election at frequent intervals, whereas judges are often appointed for life.

Until such time as we have a UN with a representative legislature capable of enacting new and binding rules, in the limited area of peace, and thus capable of relieving pressures in cases where traditional international rules cannot, nations must either try to solve the major world problems through political means or confer on the Court the vast powers of a Solomon to decide all controversies, whether legal, political or of prestige and power. It is believed the Court itself would not welcome such expanded powers because their use would threaten its existence.

. . . the vast powers of a Solomon . . .

Failure to use the Court will not be overcome by tinkering with its mechanism. It is apparent from the record of non-use of the Court to date that nations prefer to resolve their disputes through negotiation or other means. Isn't this because they fear that if all they can get is their legal rights they won't get what they really want? Only when adjudication is believed in the national interests will nations use the Court.

Mr. Rosenberg's thesis that if the Court were granted compulsory jurisdiction over all nations "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" would operate as a greater enforcing power than physical might, may be correct. But such compulsory jurisdiction can only be achieved if every nation first voluntarily accepts it. Before this happens we will have to have achieved a strong consensus as to what rules the Court will apply. Such a consensus can probably be arrived at only when the facilities of a world legislature are available. We must therefore face up to the necessity of strengthening the UN's legislative role in the limited area of peacekeeping. How long can the United States effectively act as the world's policeman? Obviously not forever. Who is to take up where we leave off — China, or a strengthened UN? Our role as world policeman is obviously stopgap, pending revision of the UN Charter to create a legislature wherein voting will be apportioned on some basis more suitable than "one nation, one vote." The larger and more powerful countries must have voting strength commensurate with their world positions.

. . . our role as world policeman . . .

Mr. Rosenberg lends plausibility to his suggestion by two lines of argument, both of which fall when examined. First, he refers to the more than 100 legal disputes among our own states which have been settled by decrees of our Supreme Court, voluntarily obeyed. Second, he asserts that in 100 international disputes the World Court has considered there is only one case where the Court's decrees have failed of voluntary compliance.

Turning first to the experience of our 50 states, it should be clear that states of our union comply with decrees of our Supreme Court because these decrees are backed by the full power of the United States. Arkansas was reminded of this in the 1954 Little Rock crisis as was Mississippi at Oxford, when federal marshals and troops were placed in the field to enforce the decree in *Brown v. Board of Education.* The Civil War established the legal principle that a state may not, even through secession, avoid compliance with federal law.

. . . the 1954 Little Rock crisis . . .

Anyone who asserts that in only one instance has a World Court judgment failed of voluntary compliance overlooks, in addition to the old case of *United Kingdom v. Albania,* non-compliance with the famous UN dues decision and also India's

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action in subduing Goa in direct violation of two World Court decisions favoring Portugal. This last instance demonstrates the two basic points: first, that existing rules of international law may be basically inadequate in these times, and second, that a dispute basically political may not be satisfactorily resolved if only the legal aspects are presented for adjudication.

International law has been described as "a body of rules which can resolve all the world problems except those which really matter." When we have a UN legislature with power to enact new and enforceable rules in the important area of peacemaking, this discouraging description will no longer apply.

Lucius E. Woods is a member of the New York and Colorado Bars and former Chairman of the American Bar Association Subcommittee on the International Court of Justice.

ANOTHER GUIDE TO THE VATICAN COUNCIL

Robert McAfee Brown

America needs a journal willing to be critical, willing to ask awkward questions, willing to stir up the waters of dissent so that they swirl over into the comfortable and untroubled reaches of the American conscience. RAMPARTS, I believe, can be such a magazine. Despite times when I have disagreed with RAMPARTS on this point or that, I have remained an Associate Editor because I feel that RAMPARTS is necessary in a culture of too-bland journalism. If there were no RAMPARTS, we would have to invent one.

But having read the appropriately-titled "Pessimist's Guide to the Vatican Council" in the October issue, I have certain fears that cry out for expression. I am fearful that RAMPARTS may settle for stridency rather than penetration. I am fearful that in its search for the truth RAMPARTS may settle for less than the whole truth. I am fearful that RAMPARTS may not remember that the right to criticize carries with it the responsibility to recognize complexity. The October issue of RAMPARTS clearly demonstrates a capacity to criticize the Council; the issue does not as clearly recognize the complexity of the Council. One whose knowledge of the Council came only, or chiefly, from this issue would get a one-sided and oversimplified version of the Council. And to leave the impression only at that would be a disservice to the truth.

As an Associate Editor of RAMPARTS, implicated in responsibility for what the journal publishes, I feel it important to voice my dissent from the picture of the Council presented in the October issue, and to offer, however briefly, my own amplification of that picture. The fact that RAMPARTS encourages such free expression of editorial difference is one reason this is an article rather than a letter of resignation.

. . . penetration of the "secrecy curtain". . .

I do not question the importance of being critical of the Council. Indeed, one reason the Council has not been a rubber-stamp for the Curia is that there has been creative critical comment throughout the whole world — by Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Orthodox and secular writers. The penetration of the "secrecy curtain" (initiated by Xavier Rynne's first New Yorker article and Henri Fesquet's reporting in Le Monde in the fall of 1962) has made it possible for the press to treat conciliar issues with honesty and forthrightness. Having been one voice, however small, in this chorus, and having recorded not only my hopes but also my specific fears in a variety of publications, I am not suggesting that we listen to or write only "nice things about the Council."

So I do not question the importance of being critical. What I do question is the significance of being merely critical. There is more than "mere criticism," of course, in the October RAMPARTS, but not, I am afraid, very much more. The predominating tone is negative; a kind of hopelessness seems to pervade its pages, a hopelessness that has already given up on the Council. The title "A Pessimist's Guide . . ." is a well-chosen description of what follows, save that the title "A Cynic's Guide . . ." would occasionally have been more accurate.

. . . my name on Ramparts' masthead . . .

Why do I dissent from such a description of the Council? It is partly because individuals in different relationships to the Catholic Church have different roles to play in assessing the Council. And I, who am not a Catholic, am made uncomfortable by the fact that my name on RAMPARTS' masthead suggests that my personal *Imprimatur* is thereby given to RAMPARTS' predominantly Catholic assessment of the Council. I would make my assessment very differently, and I would make it much more positively. I have my own fears about the Council but they are in a context far different from the context of the October issue.

The reason for this is partly that, as a Protestant, I didn't really expect too much from the Council when it was first announced. But it has already achieved so

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much more than I had felt was remotely possible for the Catholic Church, that I feel liberated to a new hope for what the Catholic future can bring — a hope no Protestant had entertained since 1870 at least. The Catholic, on the other hand, seems to have hoped for great things from the Council from the very beginning, to have expected that his personal dissatisfactions with the Church would all be swept away by conciliar reform. Thus his attitude is likely to be one of increasing frustration, and even anger, that the actual conciliar achievements will be meager in comparison to what he had hoped for.

. . . increasing frustration, and even anger . . .

Protestant and Catholic look for different things from the Council. The Protestant is not nearly so involved in the specifics of *inner* Catholic reform as he is in the Council's attitude toward the non-Catholic. The decree *On Ecumenism,* for example, is scarcely mentioned by RAMPARTS, and yet to the Protestant it represents a monumental breakthrough, and one of the most significant adornments of Vatican II. The Catholic, on the other hand, while pleased about ecumenical outreach, is likely to have many pressing parochial problems that he wanted the Council to clear up and the Council is not doing so with any discernible alacrity. The bad catechisms are still around, the unenlightened bishops have not yet been converted to *aggiornamento,* the older priests are still hopelessly out of touch. Here is where the Council has made so little immediate difference to many Catholics. The fact that Cardinal Bea may have taken a trip to World Council headquarters in Geneva — a fact of immense significance to the Protestant — seems inconsequential to the Catholic who is struggling over the morality of contraception or clerical silence on civil rights.

. . . the unenlightened bishops . . .

If the analysis thus far is correct (and it is no more than an imaginative attempt to enter a world I do not inhabit), then perhaps the Catholic has to speak in somewhat more strident tones than the Protestant would employ, in order to be heard within the immediate family. Whether or not he must do so is not my judgment to make, though I know many Catholics for whom the tone seems unnecessary. But when I speak as a Protestant, I speak *not* as one of the immediate family, but as an outsider — or at best, as a prodigal son. We Protestants, whose whole heritage has conditioned us to be "anti-Catholic," have first of all the obligation to *affirm* all that we can about the new movements in Catholicism, to affirm rather distinctly the love and even the loyalty we can offer to all that is good and creative on the Catholic scene. Only then, it seems to me, do we earn the right to be critical. Only after we have shown explicitly that our critique is a critique in *love* can it have integrity and authenticity.

It would appear that this step, the step of positive affirmation as the context for criticism, is a step the Catholic critic feels no need to take explicitly. It can be presupposed of him that he criticizes the Church out of an already-established deep love for her. He, after all, *is* in the family, and the members of the family know that the critical son still loves the family or he would not remain within it.

. . . the critical son still loves the family . . .

I, as a Protestant, cannot allow myself the luxury of this presupposition. It cannot be assumed in advance that I love the Catholic Church. Indeed, not too long ago it would not have occurred to me to concern myself with her, so long had Protestant overtures been rebuffed. But rebuffed they are no more, as Pope John made quite clear. And the presupposition that RAMPARTS' editors need not make explicit — that they love the Church they criticize — is still one I must make explicit, particularly when I presume to criticize her.

All of this helps me to understand, if not to share, the stance from which the Catholic editors criticize the Council in such strident terms. It does not help me, however, to understand or to share, the stridency of the Protestant contribution [by William Stringfellow] to the "Pessimist's Guide . . . " and I must disassociate myself from it even more clearly. I am left aghast that one of the few references in the entire issue to the Holy Spirit (who seems to me to have been so manifestly at work in the *aula* of St. Peter's), should be the Biblical verse so obviously applied by the Protestant contributor to the Council fathers: "You stiff-necked people, uncircumcised in heart and ears, you always resist the Holy Spirit. As your fathers did, so do you" (Acts 7:51). I venture the confident prediction that not one of the 70-odd Protestant observers who has actually sat in St. Peter's would find this an even remotely appropriate epitaph for the work of Vatican II. The same author concludes that while the fathers will probably promulgate a very good statement on religious liberty, the motivation for this is almost certainly a conscience-appeasing device for neglecting a statement on the Jews.

. . . the 70-odd Protestant observers . . .

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breathtaking moral arrogance . . .

Such an assessment of the inner motivations of the Council fathers strikes me as launched from a judgmental pedestal of almost breathtaking moral arrogance. His further statement that the issue of Mary has been "neglected by the Council," is, fortunately, not judgmental; it is merely false.

Thus far I have tried to clarify a differentiation of roles between Catholic and Protestant. Each of us, if I may try to summarize the difference, is called upon to say certain things within and about his own household of faith that would be inappropriate on the lips of the other. And that constitutes a large part of my dissent from the tone of the October issue. My task is to build some bridges, if I can, between the Protestant edifices and the Catholic edifice. The Catholic's task is to help rearrange the internal structure of his own edifice so that it can support itself in the 20th century, as well as support a little bridge building of its own.

. my concern for bridge building . . .

My analogy fails, I believe, at one point. In my concern for bridge building, I occasionally think I can spot weaknesses in the Catholic edifice, or at least suggest places where the structure can be strengthened for the traffic I hope the bridge will soon carry. That I am heard at all by those within the Catholic structure represents an act of great courtesy and *largesse* of spirit on their part, and I must not abuse the privilege they have accorded me. But the more I feel a part of the Catholic family (and, let it be forthrightly said, being a "separated brother" is a far cry from having been a "schismatic and heretic"), the more I want to raise my voice, in love to be sure, but often a love tinged now with impatience, because, having initially expected so little and having been given so much, I, too, am made fretful by any further delays.

. . . I personally dissent . . .

But there is a further matter to be set straight. Not only must I personally dissent from the tone of the October issue (however proper it may be for someone other than myself), I must also dissent from the impact that the *content* of the issue makes. For it states some facts and omits other facts, and the facts it omits are precisely the ones I want to accentuate. The Council is too complex to be accurately described only in a pessimist's terms. I shall not offer an "Optimist's Guide . . ." — that would be just as one-sided — but I shall briefly amplify the report in three particulars. In a treatment of the American bishops, the Pope and the Council itself, RAMPARTS has an obligation to note other facts beyond those already cited, so that the reader can see more clearly how complex all of these entities are.

1. The American hierarchy is described under the heading "Puppets of Doom?"—leaving little doubt that the question mark will soon have to be straightened out into an exclamation point. Save for the minimal recognition given to Cardinal Ritter and to a "handful" of bishops (not further identified) as exceptions to this description, the article makes clear that little can be expected from the American bishops.

But other things must also be said, to present a full picture of the American hierarchy's activities at the Council. These are a few: the major part played by Bishop Helmsing in the discussions of ecumenism; the fearless speech by Bishop Leven attacking the "closed door" mind of certain bishops resident on the Italian Peninsula; the contributions of Cardinal Shehan to the discussion of "church and state"; the impact of Cardinal Cushing's thunderingly unequivocal statements on the Jews and religious liberty; the increasingly important leadership of Bishop Primeau in the field of reform and renewal; the activity of the late Cardinal Meyer within the meetings of the Council presidents. If Cardinal Spellman is conservative on most issues, it must also be gratefully recorded that he has been a key figure in the religious liberty discussions, and that John Courtney Murray's presence as a *peritus* at sessions two, three and four of the Council is directly attributable to Spellman's intervention after Murray was "disinvited" to session one. If Archbishop Toolen's reactionary attitude to civil rights demonstrations in Selma deserves censure (as it does), the fact is also worth recording that dozens of other bishops (including Archbishop McGucken, who gets pretty rough treatment from RAMPARTS) gave permission to priests and nuns to demonstrate at Selma.

. . . the "closed door" mind of certain bishops . . .

. . . Archbishop Toolen's reactionary attitude . . .

2. Pope Paul likewise has a complexity which RAMPARTS does not take fully enough into account. To be sure, there are overly-simple treatments of Pope Paul that fail as much on the other side of the ledger, and I am no more persuaded by Methodist Bishop Fred Pierce Corson's uncritical encomiums than I am by RAMPARTS' assessment. I will admit to a profound disquiet of my own about many of Pope Paul's actions that seem to belie the magnificent allocution he gave at the beginning of the second session. But the

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simplistic view that he has sold out to the Curia, while it may explain some facts, fails to explain others.

. . . Catholic guilt for the sins of division . . .

The fact that the decree *On Ecumenism* contains an acknowledgment of Catholic guilt for the sins of division, for example, must be attributed directly to Paul, as any analysis of the speeches at the second session in response to his opening allocution makes clear, and this acknowledgment represents a quite unforeseen breach in the wall of triumphalism. If the machinery of the Council is bogged down because conservative Curia cardinals chair all of the commissions, it must be noted that John — not Paul — made these unfortunate appointments, and one's cynicism about the present Pope must not make one sentimental about his predecessor. RAMPARTS accuses Paul of simply "accepting the *fait accompli* of collegiality" (page 32) without recognizing that actually it was Paul who *asked* for such a doctrine at the beginning of session two, and that it was to this plea of his that the progressive bishops constantly appealed during the tense discussions in October of 1963. No simplistic version of Paul will suffice, and events since the publication of the October issue bear out the need for recognizing greater complexity. On the one hand, Paul released the unfortunate encyclical *Mysterium Fidei* on the eve of the Council, but on the other hand, in his opening allocution he refrained from commenting on items on the conciliar agenda, specifically so that the fathers could have utmost freedom of discussion. He later resisted another last-ditch attempt by the minority enclave to scuttle the religious liberty statement.

I do not suggest that these facts make Paul a champion of *aggiornamento,* but they do indicate that he is considerably more complex than RAMPARTS' analysis suggests. There is always, bafflingly, "another side" to him, and an adequate treatment of Paul must take account of this fact.

. . . the Pope has sold out to the Curia . . .

3. The Council as a whole is likewise more complex than RAMPARTS' analysis allows. The underlying thesis of the October issue seems unadornedly clear: the Pope has sold out to the Curia and the Council is thereby almost sure to be a flop. But there is simply more to it than that. While there are some facts that support RAMPARTS' thesis, there are other facts that challenge it. The statement, for example, that sessions two and three were "mock sessions" is, I think, a highly questionable one. The forthright declarations of Cardinals Suenens, Alfrink, Leger, and Patriarch (now Cardinal) Maximos on birth control at session three are a case in point. Is one to believe that these count for nothing? On the contrary, the fact that such speeches were made on the Council floor has given new courage to other Catholics, both lay and cleric, to ventilate this issue in a way that would simply have been inconceivable before the Council began. The full freedom of discussion of this issue in such books as *Contraception and Holiness, The Pill, What Modern Catholics Think About Birth Control,* and a dozen others, is a direct result of the impact of all the sessions of the Council. No one who has heard or read the speeches of Bishop D'Souza, Bishop McGrath, Archbishop Hurley, or Cardinals Rugambwa, Gracias, Bea, Lienart, Frings, Koenig and many others, could accept the notion that all that has happened on the floor of St. Peter's has been a series of mock sessions acted out by puppets.

. . . Maximos on birth control . . .

. . . mock sessions acted out by puppets . . .

The October RAMPARTS, then, overlooks not only the creative things the Council has done, but takes no account of the creative things the very fact of the Council will allow Catholics to do in the future. Much more counts in assessing the Council than simply what the fathers promulgate on paper. What counts infinitely more is the spirit the Council has produced, and this is certainly the closest foreshadowing of a "new Pentecost" that we can expect.

It counts for a great deal that hundreds of bishops go back to their dioceses with new ideas, new courage, new liberation, and with a wide range of new freedom to do things that do not have to be cleared in advance with Rome.

It counts for a great deal that ecumenical encounter is moving with unprecedented speed and that possibilities of ecumenical relationships increase in almost geometric proportion.

It counts for a great deal that a whole generation of bishops has met with, listened to, and learned from the *periti* of the Council — men like Küng, Congar, Schillebeeckx, Danielou, Phillips, de Lubac, Diekmann, Häring, Murray — and that they will never be the same again.

It counts for a great deal that hundreds more have seen, and measured, the type of tactics often employed by Curia officials, and are thereby forewarned for the future.

It counts for a great deal that the principle of collegiality is established (even

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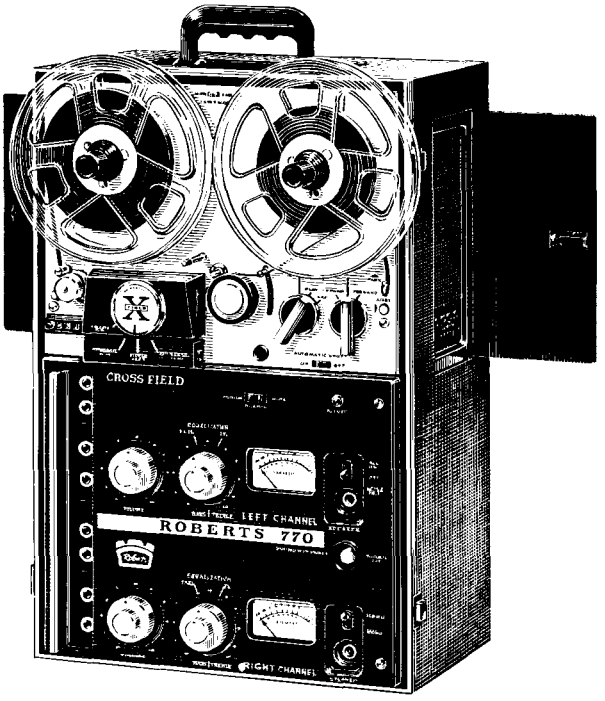

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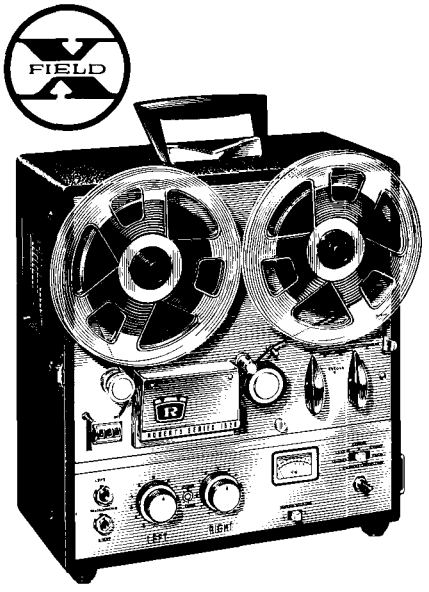

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though the outworking may take a long time) and that an episcopal senate is to convene (even though the terms of its convening are admittedly disappointing).

It counts for a great deal that bishops can now vigorously and even violently disagree, and that the myth of "secrecy" has been effectively dispelled so that the attitudes of all are open to public examination and reflection.

It counts for a great deal that a new spirit of discussion and responsible criticism has entered into the contemporary Catholic Church as a result of the Council.

Only when the Council adjourns will its real importance begin to be manifest. And the crucial question will be: what will Catholics do with the *creative* results of the Council? Will they sweep them under the rug, as RAMPARTS thus far almost seems determined to do, and thereby cut themselves off from the future? Or will they build on those creative things the Council has done, criticizing existing Catholic practices in the light of conciliar reforms, and appealing on the basis of the spirit of the Council for the ongoing reformation of the Church which the Council has explicitly made possible?

. . . moral passion gone sour . . .

I hope that RAMPARTS will opt for the latter choice. If it opts for the former, I fear that it may become only another example of moral passion gone sour. But if it truly opts for the latter, it could be on the forefront of a new day dawning for the Church.

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VATICAN COUNSEL

SIRS:

Your October cover of Pope John is tremendous. It beautifully conveys the humaneness, humility, and essential sadness of this marvelous man. As a non-Catholic and nonbeliever, I and others like me could still feel reverence and respect for the beliefs and positions of John.

The exposition of the present Pope's curious stance on the present Vatican Council clearly illustrates the reasons for the present disappointment and disillusion in the Council amongst all men of good will irrespective of belief.

ROBERT E. KLEIGER, M.D.
Mountain View, California

SIRS:

Your October issue was a keeper. I am writing to suggest another use for its magnificently pious cover portrait of Pope John. Why not print it with a calendar attached? It could be distributed by morticians and others who advertise by calendars overrun (or overswum) with little red fish. To insure universal acceptance the calendar could be printed in four versions:

. . . Pope John with the teardrop . . .

1) a small quantity showing Pope John with the teardrop in place (these would serve parishes in which progressives hold the reins);

2) a large quantity without the teardrop (for parishes where the level of taste is that reached by Extension magazine cover art);

3) a vast quantity with the teardrop transferred from the picture to a transparent overlay which could be folded down or away to show the Pope either damp-eyed or dry-eyed (such overlays have served in the past, I am told, to provide removable garments for ladies on girly calendars [should the children of light be any less resourceful than the children of darkness?]; the calendars with fold-away tears would suit parishes which wish to let the laity make up their own minds about the situation of the Church, which have a preponderance of people who change assessments of the Church Institutional with every new turn taken by Pope Paul, or which want to give parishioners the chance to be all things to all men);

4) a goodly quantity which omit the teardrop but add more intense hues to the portrait and give Pope John's mouth an angelic upturn (this version would be distributed only in the Los Angeles Archdiocese, where all is right with the world, especially since Pope John left for a better one).

. . . one romp through parochial pastures . . .

Granted, you have responsibilities to a larger public than the Catholic set. Yet, you might consider one romp through parochial pastures. After all, it is not often that we encounter anything like your portrait of Pope John. The signature of Barnaby Conrad itself had significance. That name popularly suggests preoccupation with bullfighting. As that was one of Pope John's preoccupations, your subtlety is doubly impressive.

JOE NOONAN
Hayward, California

SIRS:

Barnaby Conrad is responsible for your cover: is he, too, responsible for what it implies? James Colaianni is the author of an article, the appropriateness of which is subject to question. Will he accept the consequences which may result from his opinions? You, sirs, the editors of a . . . magazine which allows so many who work

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so hard for the good of Catholicism to be so violently attacked, will you accept the responsibility for your actions?

. . . the correct man for the papal throne . . .

From where, may I ask, does Mr. Colaianni draw his authority to determine the correct man for the papal throne? Who is he to decide that God's choice for the chair of Peter is "a case of the wrong man for the job"? Who is he to judge the actions of the Pope of Rome, to criticize the authority of Christ's Vicar, while at the same time attaching to his own opinions a degree of infallibility which he denies even to the Church? Who is he to declare the traditional teachings of the Holy Roman Church as "wicked," and "nonsensical"; who is he to judge the wisdom of God's Church on earth? Finally, gentlemen, who is he to imply that the Diocese of San Francisco is a money-making machine, that the Church in general ignores the call of Christ's poor, that Cardinal Spellman is like a greedy vulture who in "one fell swoop" stole a Pope's gift away from a nation so that a people might "venerate a hat"?

. . . stole a Pope's gift away . . .

Might I suggest, gentlemen, that Mr. Colaianni seriously reconsider the validity of his own position before bombarding a Church assembled in Council for the good of mankind with his scathing and personally directed criticisms. His opinions, as well as Mr. Conrad's unfounded reflections of a dead Pope's opinion of his successor, are subject to more question and unfavorable criticism than is the present Pope, the Church which he governs, or the cause which he supports. Pope John XXIII was a humanitarian, his successor is a realist. Pope Paul VI is no less God's choice than his predecessor, nor is he less right for the times in which he reigns, the throne from which he rules, or the people for whom he is responsible.

PAUL KONETZNY
Assumption College
Worcester, Massachusetts

BUGGED

SIRS:

Whatever possessed you to devote your . . . center spread to that piece of garbage in search of a genre — Jonathan Cott's "A Hard Day's Knights" (RAMPARTS, October 1965). What is this supposed to be? One wants to say that he's spoofing the Beatles; but sentence upon sentence comes out perfectly sober. Could he be serious? Then why all the hopelessly pedantic and obscure allusions? Part spoof and part sermon? Does the author even know — or are we just to ride along with his ambivalencies because they mirror the coexistent elements of mirth and message in the movie itself?

In any case, this piece was muddled and infuriating. I don't mind being irritated by a left-field opinion, but I think I have a right to mind being tweaked by an author who doesn't know what he wants to say.

Otherwise . . . a great magazine. Much needed, and much appreciated.

DON ALLEN AFFELDT
Valparaiso, Indiana

SIRS:

As I read and thoroughly enjoyed Jonathan Cott's analysis of the Beatle bit, a thought came to mind: Top *that*, Lennon, me luv!

The make-up of Cott's piece was excellent; Jim Culberson's photographs—otherworldly.

JANE POLSLEY
Muncie, Indiana

YEAS AND NAYS

SIRS:

The RAMPARTS we watch for muckraking with style, facts, and humor has done it again in "No Dice For Braceros." (RAMPARTS, September 1965). You were pretty rough on our good governor Brown, but he has whirled long enough and hard enough to earn every line of it.

HENRY P. ANDERSON
Chairman, Citizens for Farm Labor
Berkeley, California

SIRS:

In view of their past relationship, was it perhaps not a little unfair, and cruel, to have Nelson Algren discuss Simone de Beauvoir's latest book (RAMPARTS, October 1965)? It seemed to me that this was not so much review as revenge.

(MISS) ADELAIDE FINE
New York City

SIRS:

I shall advise our library to subscribe. We are beginning a full collection of native Jacobinism which we intend to display and classify (with appropriate labels) in a space adjoining reptilian specimens! RAMPARTS . . . has a right to a place in this collection.

DR. M. E. BRADFORD
Northwestern State College
of Louisiana
Natchitoches, Louisiana

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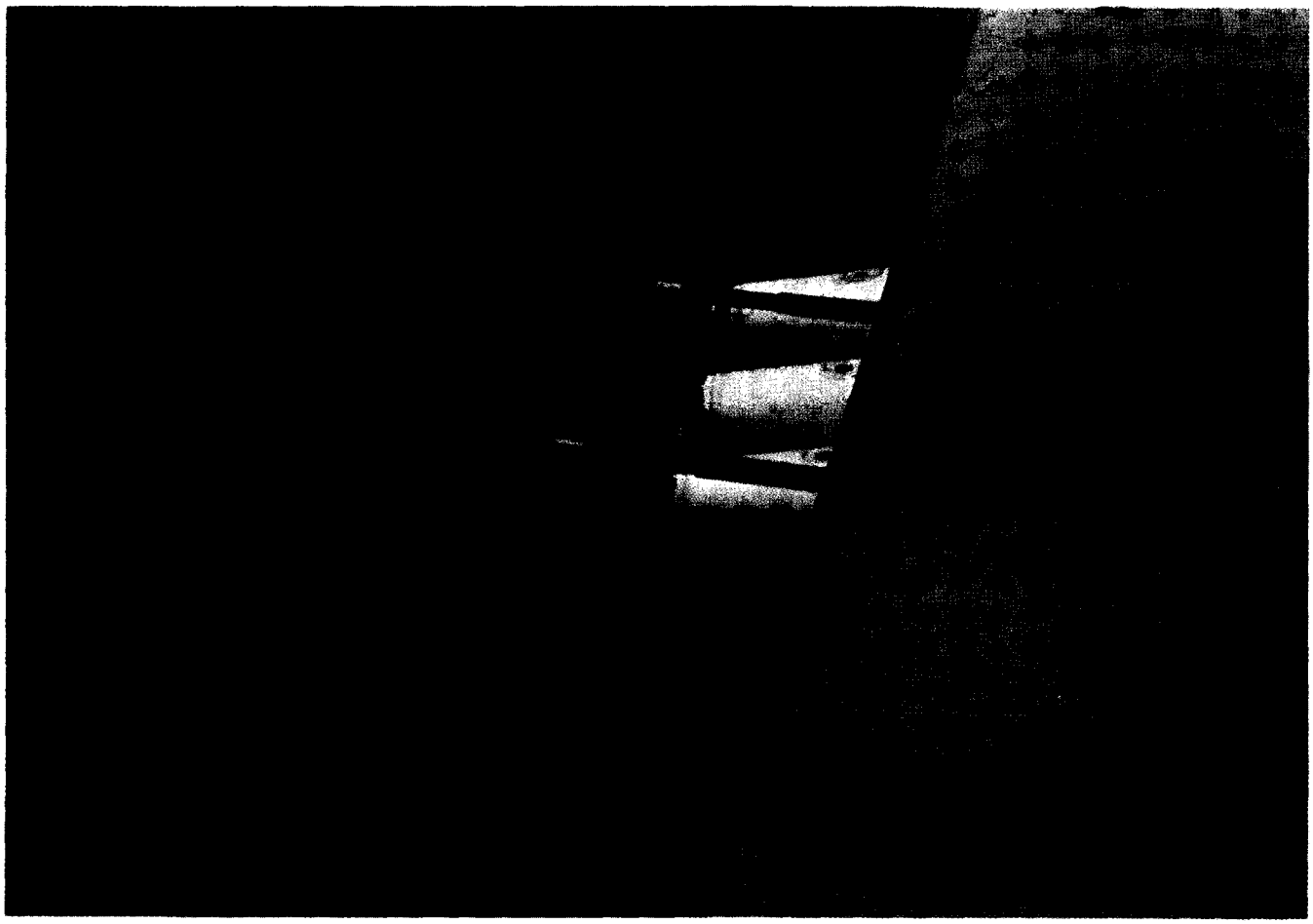

The Winner's War

by
Robert Scheer

The Pentagon Building, whether by choice or design, seems always to be at war. The lights in its endless corridors are dim and flickering, as if powered by some temporary generator. The offices are in "bays" connected by "rings," and the [continued]

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"The admiral suggested that if civilians chose to live in areas controlled by the Viet Cong, then they became the enemy."

dull pigment of the walls renders the effect of a bomb shelter. It is only in the past six months that the architecture seems to match the reality of the Pentagon's activity. The military now has, at last, a real war of its own in Vietnam. The time of counter-insurgency, of American advisers helping the Vietnamese "fight for their freedom" is over and has been ever since the United States escalated the war with the bombing of North Vietnam. The war in the South is now being fought primarily by American troops and American air power against the Viet Cong. The Vietnamese who are not with the Viet Cong are outside of history unless, as is frequently the case, they happen to get accidentally bombed or shot. The United States has made the decision to use whatever firepower it takes to win in Vietnam and the men who staff the higher circles in the military carry the air of winners.

All signs indicate that this is the mood of official Washington in the fall of 1965. I was given added confirmation of this as I took my turn around the Pentagon briefing course. The admiral, who is Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of the Far East, was waiting for me on the fourth floor, Ring D, Corridor 7, Bay 61. He had been, as the secretary said, "alerted" to my arrival and he was, as is the custom, cheerily optimistic about the war. But this time you can tell they mean it. Vietnam was, he felt, at last defined as basically a military problem of using sufficient American firepower to destroy the enemy. The admiral suggested that if civilians chose to live in areas controlled by the Viet Cong, then they became the enemy. Such areas make up about 70 per cent of the countryside. He was not overly concerned about the Vietnamese civilian reaction to the bombing. He seemed convinced that they would place the blame for their destroyed villages on the Viet Cong, that elusive target and 'cause' of the bombing rather than on the Americans who actually dropped the bombs.

IT TAKES A TRIP DOWN to the Pentagon Public Affairs office to really comprehend the dimensions of the new war. A harried sergeant was munching a tuna fish sandwich while in animate telephone conversation. It concerned a killed-in-action pilot who had shown up on the Air Force press release but had somehow been left off the joint services weekly total. This department also handles the more important statistics of American air sorties over North and South Vietnam. Most are in the South and they average over 300 a day. The grisly new element is, of course, the B-52 raids (each plane carrying 15 tons of bombs) which began on June 18th and continued as an almost daily occurrence. It might be added that while a very large variety of statistical compilations are maintained in the Pentagon there are none for Vietnamese civilian dead.

In one of the Pentagon corridors I nodded at a Rand Corporation scholar with whom I had sparred during a teach-in. As I watched the disappearance of this man with his little cluster of officers I was tempted by a spirit of gamesmanship to run after him and offer my congratulations on his victory in the real world. And it has been a victory of no mean proportions, for it embarked America on a very different course than she had been travelling during the Cold War years. The New War of the Johnson Administration in Vietnam represents a very sharp departure from the theory of counter-insurgency developed by the Kennedys. It is, in fact, an attack on the basic assumptions of Kennedy's foreign policy.

Upon coming to power the Kennedy Administration very quickly implemented the theories of counter-insurgency which up until that point had occupied a very vague and minority status within the military establishment. The basic concept, as applied to Vietnam, held that the Vietnamese would fight against the 'Communist' guerrillas if we could convince them of the presumed ultimately disastrous consequences of communism for their lives. At the same time it was held essential that we provide them with the military know-how to withstand guerrilla warfare and the technical economic knowledge to implement reforms which would make life in the areas controlled by the Government more attractive than under the rule of the guerrillas.

TOWARD THIS END THE UNITED STATES sent its first shipment of 13,000 American advisers — the Special Forces troops that would live with and fight alongside the Diem government's troops. It was also toward this end that we designed the strategic hamlet program which was intended to give the peasant population security by placing it behind barbed wire fortifications. While an element of force was at first neces-

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"Johnson rose to proclaim: 'without superior air power America is a bound and throttled giant: impotent and easy prey to any yellow dwarf with a pocket knife.'"

sary to get the people into the hamlets, it was expected that they would soon see the advantages to them and that, eventually, the Saigon troops could be replaced with local guard. There were also loans to farmers, community well-digging and other devices which had worked so well on the American frontier.

There is in all this theory of counter-insurgency a basic premise shared with the Communist theory of guerrilla warfare which it opposes. That premise holds that the inhabitants of the country *are* important to the outcome of the struggle being waged there. Both sides take winning the peasantry to be the first and basic step toward victory. Both sides hold that the peasant must be made to care about the war's outcome since he must do the ultimate fighting. In a strange way both theories tend to enhance, if not the dignity, then certainly the significance of the individual native of the area. He is, to use an old-fashioned expression, the agent of history.

Unfortunately, from the State Department point of view, the Vietnamese didn't turn out to be very useful agents of history. After six years of our designing, financing and building an economy and government for them and four years of our advising, equipping, bitching and fighting with their army, it never really came off. By 1964 the situation was far worse than it had been in any of the preceeding ten years of United States involvement in Vietnam. By the end of last year the desertion rate among South Vietnamese troops was said to be up around 30 per cent per month and it was clear that those who remained had no taste at all for fighting. The Viet Cong guerrillas were stronger than ever. Despite everything that we had done to win them over, the Vietnamese peasantry was supporting a guerrilla army that was larger, more elusive, better armed and more effective than ever — the only difference being that much of the special new anti-guerrilla hardware that we had thrown into the fight was now in their hands.

The theory of counter-insurgency was a highly political one which had never been really believed by the military pros. The only parts of it which they bought were the 700,000 helicopter sorties (with repressive fire) that were flown and the snappy new plastic-butt rifles that fired bullets capable of really breaking a man up. But the theory didn't hold water: the peasants didn't buy it and the military pros tired of it. The Kennedy Administration had kept them in line but President Johnson hardly shares the Kennedy enthusiasm for counter-insurgency.

IT WAS THE AIR FORCE which felt most neglected during the counter-insurgency fad, and in the new President they had an ally of long standing. As early as March 15, 1948, in the House of Representatives, Johnson rose to proclaim:

"*No matter what else we have of offensive or defensive weapons, without superior air power America is a bound and throttled giant; impotent and easy prey to any yellow dwarf with a pocket knife.*"

Johnson throughout his Senate years remained a strong Air Force lobbyist, and when he assumed the Presidency one can only guess at the relief felt by Air Force officers who had been forced by the Kennedys to listen to interminable lectures at the army war college on the political nature of anti-guerrilla war. Now a no-nonsense President would take off the gloves. The first step was the air retaliation against North Vietnam in August 1964 as a result of fighting in the Bay of Tonkin.

The resistance by the counter-insurgency people to the new Johnson doctrine that was evolving found its most public expression in an article by General Edward G. Lansdale in the October 1964 issue of Foreign Affairs. Lansdale, it should be remembered, was the one man most responsible for the theory of counter-insurgency, as well as our involvement in Vietnam. Lansdale felt that the answer lay in placing even greater emphasis on civic action and he rejected the course of negotiated peace. But in that issue of Foreign Affairs he most pointedly disagreed with what was then clearly shaping up as the Johnson Administration's new policy: "*Some people believe we should plainly identify that struggle as a war and make use of our military proficiency to force the Communist regime in Hanoi to cease its adventure in the south. Some believe we should continue along the present course but greatly increasing the quantity and effectiveness of what is done so that it eventually smothers and kills the Communist insurgency. The anomaly in these reactions is that each falls short of understanding that the Communists have let loose a revolutionary idea in Vietnam and that it will not die by being ignored, bombed or smothered by us. Ideas do not die in such ways.*"

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"We now consider it essential to preserve the freedom of the Vietnamese by destroying their ability to choose."

PERHAPS IT IS TRUE that ideas do not die in such ways, but people do, and, as the American military had long perceived, it is the people who must bear the ideas. If one could make it very costly to hold such ideas they would lose their currency.

This is the new program of the all-out American war. The theories of Lansdale and others of the counter-insurgency school were devoid of rascism. They thought the peasants were capable of forming and holding political judgments. The Special Forces soldiers had been taught to trust the ultimate wisdom of the peasants — to be willing to go out and live among them. The new "Winners War"; racist not only in that it is contemptuous of the ability of the Vietnamese people to define and build their own society, but more significantly in that it places absolutely no political significance on their hopes, prejudices and aspirations. It holds that the only significant variables are fear and hunger. Restricting the Vietnamese people to this lower level of animal life not only takes care of any moral concern over systematically bombing them, but allows belief that such bombing as a demonstration of American power will induce respect. Similarly, the large-scale deployment of American troops will not rouse nationalist support for the Viet Cong (as it would, say, in a European country) but, primarily again, only fear and awe for the Americans. The new program involves a demonstration of military power with local political consideration presumed to be of slight importance.

The significant point here is that the Americans are now doing the main fighting in the South as independent units under their own command and from military bases which they alone protect. High ranking Vietnamese are not even trusted with advance notice of the battle plans of American troops. The basic tactic of the war has shifted from that of small units fighting small guerrilla forces to massive air attacks, which soften up the enemy, followed by equally massive mopping-up operations. The battle plan is set by the Air Force and involves very simply a demonstration of the capacity of the American war machine for vast destruction in the Vietnamese countryside. The tactic is one of devastation, demoralization and mopping up.

The new policy, as any follower of evening TV newscasts can perceive, is one of all-out war against the countryside. Its aim is to make the rural areas in which the Viet Cong operate unlivable. It is assumed that the populace, for one reason or another, supports the Viet Cong and that the United States, with its saturation bombing, is going to make the price of that support too high. The result will be increasingly large numbers of refugees from the bombed areas. There are already a million refugees and the policy makes good military sense since a refugee is by definition so completely disoriented and demoralized that he is incapable of any course of action other than desperately searching for food and shelter. The side which can give him rice and protect him from bombing becomes his master. We now consider it essential to preserve the freedom of the Vietnamese by destroying their ability to choose. "Better dead than Red." This is the very clearly established political purpose of the crop spraying, the napalm, the fragmentation bombing and the B-52 raids.

WHILE IT SEEMS OBVIOUS that the United States can score a military victory in Vietnam, our planners have not been completely candid on the political implications of such a victory. A nation of the power of the United States can destroy all life in a country as small and weak as Vietnam and there is little that anyone else can do about it. Neither the North Vietnamese nor the Chinese have the air or fire power to seriously interfere with the destructive power of the US Air Force and Navy. The Soviet Union, despite all that used to be said about its aggressiveness, seems altogether too defensive and conservative to challenge our military power in Vietnam. The United States can maintain a string of bases along the coast of Vietnam and, by using the Seventh Fleet and Air Force, protect them with an impenetrable wall of fire. If the United States is willing to commit upwards of a million troops (Hanson Baldwin's figure in the New York Times) then it should be able to mop up after the air havoc is complete. But to presume that a stable, independent or free Vietnam will emerge from the ashes or that American institutions will be admired in that country for anything other than creating and wantonly using military power is insane.

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[A VIETNAM ALBUM]

"This isn't Munich, it's Spain"

Photographs and Text by Bernard B. Fall

Bernard B. Fall is Professor of International Relations at Howard University. During World War II, he gained extensive experience in guerrilla warfare, fighting with the French Underground. He is the author of Street Without Joy—Indo-China at War *and* The Two Vietnams.

Kodachrome
TRANSPARENCY

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". . . the whole country hates you, but at least they won't resist you . . ."

THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE is a quotation from a French book, *Revolutionary War and Christian Conscience*, prefaced by Msgr. Pierre Marie Théas, Bishop of Bardes and Lourdes, and bearing the imprimatur of a Jesuit organization in Paris, published by the French section of *Pax Christi* in 1963: "*Respect for Man means, above all, that the enemy (true or presumed guilty or suspect), is considered as a human being.*"

Americans appear to have forgotten this in Vietnam. I have just returned from the war there and found it depersonalized and, to a large extent, dehumanized.

It is a brutal war. One million Vietnamese died in the long colonial encounter with the French — and already, in what may loosely be termed the "American period," the dead are near a quarter million, with perhaps another half million people seriously maimed. And other Vietnamese people are dying because they are starving; there are vast areas where people starve because food cannot get through — food blocked off by our side so it won't get to the Viet Cong, or taken by the Viet Cong to feed their forces. If the present war were to last as long as the French war, another million people may well die in Vietnam.

There are two theoretical casualties in this war. One is the "war of national liberation" concept of the Communists, and the other is the American theory of "counter-insurgency." At the heart of counter-insurgency is the idea that people matter — that we are in Vietnam to get people to fight for something *they* believe in rather than something *we* believe in. The new mix of air war and of land and seaborne firepower in Vietnam is one of technological counter-insurgency — if you keep up the kill rate you will eventually run out of enemies. Or at least armed enemies. Of course, the whole country will hate you, but at least they won't resist you. What you will get is simply a cessation of resistance — an acquiescence in one's fate rather than a belief that your side and your ideas have really prevailed.

I don't think we are buying Vietnamese stability in the long run out of the present operation. What we are buying is an example — for Latin America and other guerrilla-prone areas. What we're really doing in Vietnam is killing the cause of "wars of liberation." And we may yet succeed.

The common explanation of America's Vietnam involvement is that the United States is being "tested" — that we have to stand up and stop communism right here. The analogy of Munich is suggested here — the failure of

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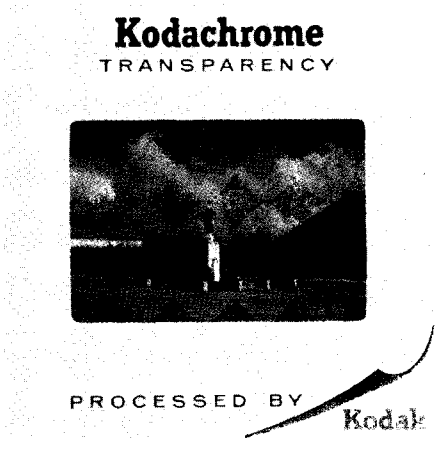
the British and French to stand up to the Nazis. But the situation in Vietnam isn't Munich; it is Spain. There is in Vietnam a test of wills, of course, as at Munich — but above all, there is a test of military technology and techniques and military ideas. One side believes it can win with a combination of guerrilla warfare and political ideology. The other side believes it can win with the massive use of military power. America may be able to prove, as the Germans and Italians did in Spain, that superior firepower will carry the day in such a situation. One can find many people who will look at the last quarter-century in Spain and argue that if it took the Spanish Civil War with its one and a half million dead to produce a "stable" Spain for 25 or 30 years, then the war was worth it. And no doubt there must be Russians who now look at the crushing of the Hungarian rebellion of 1956 as a "necessary" step to the "orderly" liberalization that eventually ensued under Janos Kadar. It is not straining the analogy to suggest that there are now Americans who would make the same judgment of the war in Vietnam: it may be a nasty claw-and-nail war, but what the hell, it's worth it if we come out on top.



". . . their trees are dead . . ."

THE IMPACT OF THE WAR right now is not literally the killing of individuals by individuals — you do not often see heaps of the dead lying around. But what you do see is the impact on the countryside. In Asia vegetation is always lush, but now when you fly over parts of Vietnam you can see the dead, brown surface of the areas which have been sprayed with weed killers. You see the areas that were sprayed on purpose, and the places defoliated by accident. Ben Cat, a huge plantation near Saigon, was almost completely destroyed by accident; 3000 acres were transformed into the tropical equivalent of a winter forest. This picture is of a Catholic refugee village, Honai, along Highway 1 in South Vietnam. It was sprayed by mistake. All its fruit trees died. United States Air Force planes were defoliating the jungle along Highway 1, but the wind shifted and blew the killer spray towards the villages instead. In a supreme irony, the jungle now stands in the background, lush and thick, while the villages are barren.

When I was there, the villagers were chopping down the trees. The only resource they had left was the remains of their dead fruit trees, to be sold in Saigon for firewood.

The 'Overkill'

MAO TSE TUNG'S THEORY that a guerrilla must live among the population like a fish in water worked in China against a politically and militarily ineffective enemy. This theory as a guideline for "wars of liberation" may be disproved in Vietnam. Mao's theory requires an effective political base in the country — but what is a political base against B-52's? The United States, by massive bombing, seeks to deprive the guerrilla of his population — the fish of his water. We want the population to flee to our side — after all, on our side you at least can get food, and get away from the bombing.

The statistics behind this strategy are as brutal as the reality. The Viet Cong are credited with killing or kidnapping between 15,000 and 16,000 village officials during the course of the war, and probably killing another 5,000 in one way or another during the past year. American casualties are less than 1,000 dead and about 3,000 wounded. On the other hand, the official United States statistics of "enemy" killed since 1961 have now passed the 100,000 mark. In the week ending October 4, 1965, some 1,067 Communists were said to have been killed in South Vietnam. At that rate, there will be 50,000 "enemy" deaths in Vietnam this year alone.

One of the great and crucial questions in this war is how many of these casualties are Viet Cong, and how many are civilians? It is generally estimated that there are two wounded for every one killed on the battlefield. Thus

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by the end of this year the Viet Cong or somebody in its area of operations must be presumed to have suffered upwards of 400,000 casualties. Since the entire Viet Cong force is estimated at between 150,000 to 160,000, this means that we have "overkilled" the Viet Cong about two and a half times. Obviously this isn't true.

Official figures set the number of infiltrators to the Viet Cong from North Vietnam at five to six thousand a year; yet, despite the tremendous firepower thrown at the Communists and the high casualty count, the Viet Cong does not appear to lose appreciably in strength. The conclusion that must be reached is that many of the people being killed are not Viet Cong, even though they may be listed as such. A truly staggering amount of civilians are getting killed or maimed in this war.

Kodachrome
TRANSPARENCY

PROCESSED BY

"*An impersonal, an American war*"

THE VIETNAM CONFLICT has become an impersonal, an American war. I was with an American airborne unit operating strictly on its own. There was not one Vietnamese with that unit. It was going strictly by its own mark and literally by its own light. The picture is a close-up of a "Skyraider," a World War II vintage bomber that is used quite effectively in Vietnam. It is said to be the only airplane that carries its own weight in payload. An extremely solid and heavy plane, the "Skyraider" can withstand small arms and automatic weapons ground fire better than any other fighter bombers, including the jets. It is an amazing airplane — especially in the amount of destruction it can bring to bear. You have to know an airplane like this before you can really understand the tremendous impact of American firepower on the Vietnamese on the ground. This airplane can carry a bombload of 7,500 pounds under its wings. It can unload a variety of bombs — 750-pounders, 500-pounders, 250-pounders, 100-pound general-purpose bombs. It also can drop 260-pound fragmentation bombs, 120-pound fragmentation bombs, or 100-pound white phosphorous bombs and napalm. The "Skyraider" has four 20-millimeter cannon as well.

This was the airplane I was to ride in on a raid on a Vietnamese fishing village.

Ektachrome
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PROCESSED BY **Kodak**

"*A Raid On A Fishing Village*"

OUR "SKYRAIDER" WAS LOADED with 750-pound napalm bombs and 500-pound napalm bombs, plus our four 20-millimeter cannon. Our wing plane carried 7,500 pounds of high explosive anti-personnel bombs, plus our four cannon. We were the lead plane going in. My pilot was Major John C. Carson. The picture shows our wingman flying next to us.

We were airborne for one and one half hours before we reached our primary target. But as we came over the target the monsoon came down with quite incredible force and completely obscured the ground. Then a decision was made, in accordance with established procedures, to switch over to the alternate target which was described as a "Communist rest center" in the Camau Peninsula. A rest center may of course be anything, any group of huts, or it may be just a normal village in which Viet Cong troops have put down stake for, perhaps, 48 hours.

As we flew over the target it looked to me very much as any normal village would look: on the edge of a river, sampans and fish nets in the water. It was a peaceful scene. Major Carson put our plane into a steep dive. I could see the napalm bombs dropping from the wings. The big bombs, first. As we peeled back from our dive I took the picture you see here — an incredibly bright flash of fire as napalm exploded at the tree level. The first pass had a one-two effect. The napalm was expected to force the people — fearing the heat and the burning — out into the open. Then the second plane was to move in with heavy fragmentation bombs to hit whatever — or whomever — had rushed out into the open. So our wingman followed us in and dropped his heavy explosives. Mushroom-like clouds drifted into the air. We made a second

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pass and dropped our remaining 500-pound napalm bombs. Our wingman followed. Then we went in a third time and raked over the village with our cannon. We came down low, flying very fast, and I could see some of the villagers trying to head away from the burning shore in their sampans. The village was burning fiercely. I will never forget the sight of the fishing nets in flame, covered with burning, jellied gasoline. Behind me I could hear — even through my padded flying helmet — the roar of our plane's 20-millimeter cannon as we flew away.

"Awarding the 'Score'"

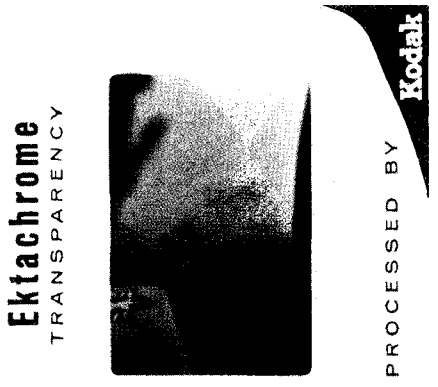
BEHIND US FLEW A SMALL, very dainty-looking aircraft, an OF-1, otherwise referred to as a "bird dog." It is a spotter plane — used to find targets for the bombers and to determine whether the targets have been hit and — as the word goes in Vietnam — award you your "score." The "score" is usually worked out in numbers of structures hit and numbers of people seen dead on the ground. This information is reported to Air Intelligence, and eventually becomes part of the composite "score" for the week (the number of sorties flown plus what is called the "structure count" and the "body count.") These are the terms by which success is measured in the new Vietnam war.

There were probably between 1,000 and 1,500 people living in the fishing village we attacked. It is difficult to estimate how many were killed. It is equally difficult to judge if there actually were any Viet Cong in the village, and if so, if any were killed. The observation planes are called the FAC's (Forward Air Controllers). But it happens very often in Vietnam that, as a current joke goes, the FAC's have their facts wrong; that the raid information is stale; that there may have been Communists in the village — but the day before. You may very often get the proper amount of structures awarded to your "score," but you may not have hit any Communist structures. So it is difficult to say whether you hit a Communist or whether you just hit the village which, unwilling, may have been the host of a Communist unit for one night. Or maybe not at all. This has happened.

During our attack probably ten to fifteen houses were hit. There is at least one family per house, and Vietnamese families average from six to eight persons. In each of those houses there must have been people maimed or killed — no one knows how many. I read an official report later which described the village as a Communist rest center, and said it had been successfully destroyed.

Then something happened that was not part of the plan. One of our napalm bombs failed to drop off the airplane! Pilots are not supposed to land with bombs aboard for fear of the bomb exploding on the airfield and burning grounded planes (it happened at Bien Hoa and caused a major disaster). We had to get rid of our bomb or, if need be, bail out and let the plane crash. My pilot went into a steep power dive and pulled out brutally to force the bomb off its rack. It is an incredible experience as the force of gravity grabs your body. You cannot lift your arms except with enormous effort. I could see my face muscles being pulled into a horrible grimace in the side view mirror. Finally, the bomb dropped. The pilot pointed at an accelerometer: 4.8 G's. For a few instants my body had weighed 900 lbs.

It was a good thing for some Vietnamese peasants that we could find our secondary target and could get rid of our recalcitrant bomb, because if that target had been rained out or clouded over, we would have jettisoned our bombs in what is known as a "free bomb" zone. Now in a free bomb area you are authorized to drop your ordnance anywhere. Any target, any structure, any movement at all. The free bomb zones in South Vietnam change constantly, so it is difficult to give any accurate acreage for them. But, for example, the free bomb zone around Zone D adds up to something like 300 square miles. Anyone living in these areas is presumed to be the enemy. Or, at least, presumed to be "hostile" and therefore destroyable.



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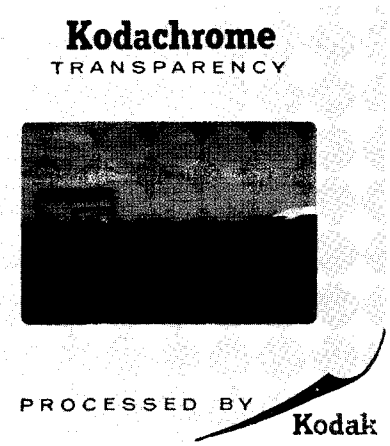
"The French Didn't Have The Bombs . . ."

THE MASSIVENESS OF AMERICAN military superiority is overwhelming. When you compare it to the French Indo-China military effort you see just how overwhelming. The raid I flew on was a small raid. But there are very large raids, very often, in Vietnam. It is quite normal to fly 150 air raids in one day. The French, at the peak of their Indo-China campaign at the Battle of Dien Bien Phu, expended during the entire 56 days of battle less bomb power than the United States does in one single day. It is meaningless to compare the use of air power by the French and Americans in Vietnam. When you resort to area bombing, you begin to frighten or to destroy the populace, and the French weren't effective at that because the French planes didn't have the range, and the French didn't have the bombs. The French aircraft total in all of Indo-China — in North and South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos — was 112 fighters and 68 bombers. That is what the United States flies in a single mission.

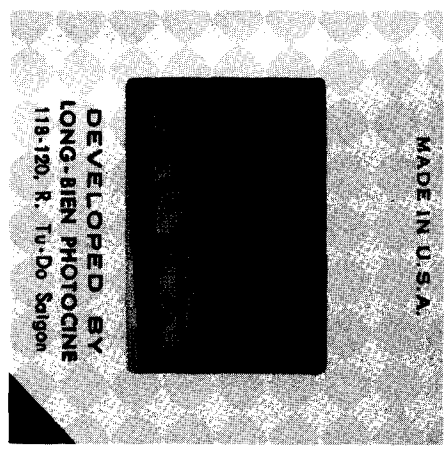
One of the major mistakes that Europeans and many non-specialists make is to view the American military effort as only a multiple of the French effort. It is not a multiple, it is a geometric progression. This has to be clearly understood. For example, when I saw President Ho Chi Minh in North Vietnam in 1962, he told me that he thought that since he had been able to defeat the French in eight years, the stronger Americans could in all likelihood be defeated in 10 years. This is precisely the extent of the misconception. Anyone who believes the Americans are simply 20 per cent stronger than the French simply does not understand the strength of American power — and the willingness of Americans to use that power in such a war. The French, for example, never dared to send conscripts to Vietnam, nor did they increase the draft at home for fear of public opposition to the war. Vietnam was not considered by the French parliament, or for that matter the French people, as being a vital issue of French power. The United States obviously feels differently. This is reaffirmed every day in Vietnam.

The United States ground firepower is also extraordinary. Soldiers used to carry rifles with clips of maybe 8 or 10 rounds. Now, almost every American in Vietnam carries an automatic rifle which can shoot up to four or five hundred rounds a minute, if it has to. The Vietnamese are the only ones carrying single-shot or semi-automatic weapons. It doesn't even do the Viet Cong much good to capture American automatic weapons. A guerrilla force can't possibly sustain the supply of ammunition needed to keep those guns firing. Of course, the United States side can, indefinitely. And it does.



"No Respect for the wounded . . ."

THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH of a South Vietnamese prisoner cage. I took the picture inside a camp where Americans were present. No attempt was made to hide the cage, an iron frame covered completely with barbed wire. About four feet high, it is used for bringing prisoners to "reason." I was not told what kind of prisoners are put in the cage, but no matter who they are, this is a pretty violent process. The prisoner cannot stand up or sit down — if he moves out of a crouch he falls against the sharp barbed wire; there is so much wire that his body is punctured all over. This makes Christ's Crown of Thorns look like a child's toy.



In this war, there is no respect for the wounded. The Communist prisoner in the photograph had been shot in the back. He was bleeding when I found him lying on the floor in a Vietnamese Army Command Post. A journalist from a New York paper came in and asked to photograph him. The South Vietnamese officer in the room raised the wounded man matter-of-factly and

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propped him against a table leg for the photographer. The prisoner grimaced in pain.

I told an American officer who was with the unit that the man was wounded and should get some attention. His answer: "Yes, I know he needs help, but there isn't anything I can do about it. He's in Vietnamese hands. That is why I walked away, don't you see?" I saw. I also walked away and said nothing.

In this war, there is no respect for hospitals, either. I saw a South Vietnamese civilian ambulance which had been raked with machine gun fire by the Viet Cong. All four patients and the driver were killed inside. This sort of brutality has become normal on both sides: Joseph Alsop reported recently, unblinkingly, that there had been three Viet Cong hospitals destroyed in Zone D along with "vast stocks of medicine." This followed on complaints from the North, now verified by non-Communist outside observers, that at least one hospital had been completely destroyed by bombers. Canadian officials who recently returned from North Vietnam also told me that the city of Vinh was "flattened." It used to have a population of 60,000. I can't believe that the whole city was a "military objective."

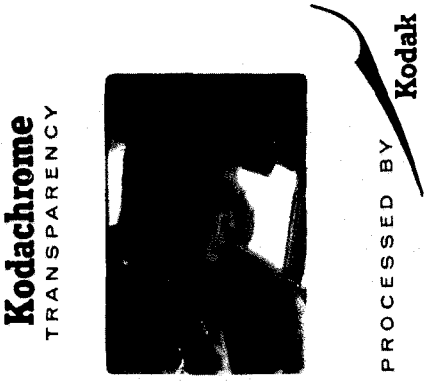
The answer to any attempt to raise the question of America's moral responsibility for such actions is the same excuse the Army officer gave me about the bleeding, unattended prisoner: the violation of rules is done by the Vietnamese. But that in itself is not an *excuse*. While it is true that South Vietnam is a sovereign entity, it is also true that it hardly operates independently of the United States. I spent 1946-48 at the Nuremberg trials as a young research analyst and in a number of cases I heard the Germans attempt to excuse atrocities as acts committed by troops of their allies. This wasn't considered an excuse and did not absolve the Germans of their responsibility. (By the way, both Vietnam and the United States have signed and ratified the 1949 Geneva Convention on War Victims.)

I have heard no questions of morality raised by American officials over the South Vietnamese treatment of prisoners. But many Americans have complained, on purely practical grounds, that the mistreatment of the wounded and captured has resulted in few surrenders by hard-core Viet Cong and has sparked reprisals against American soldiers by the Viet Cong.

But, contrary to what had been expected, the Viet Cong have treated American prisoners quite correctly. From all the accounts I received from Intelligence in Vietnam, there is no evidence of torture of American prisoners by the Viet Cong, and released United States prisoners have confirmed this.

The torture and terror utilized by the South Vietnamese is something else. It is, in the Pentagon phrase, "counterproductive." American officers in the field with Vietnamese troops make critical remarks about their behavior toward their own people — stealing, raping, burning down villages, generally kicking people around. In contrast to this random brutality, one of the most heralded of the Viet Cong's terror tactics, the selective assassination of village chiefs, could even be considered, in the military idiom, "productive." When Diem ended the 400 to 500 year tradition of the democratic election of village chiefs by each village, he made, to my mind, probably his most crucial mistake. He began making local appointments from Saigon, and the appointees — many of them outsiders — were met with open hostility by the villagers. Diem's men would have to go outside the village to the police post to sleep safely. Many of them were known to be gouging the villages. The hard fact is that when the Viet Cong assassinated these men, the Viet Cong were given a Robin Hood halo by the villagers.

The reality in Vietnam is that the international rules of war are not obeyed and, contrary to popular belief, the rules *do* apply to guerrilla wars as well. "War crimes" are recorded almost daily and sometimes by cameramen — the burning of villages, for example. There seems to be a predisposition on our side to no longer be able to see the Vietnamese as people against whom crimes can be committed. This is the ultimate impersonalization of the war.



"The worst is yet to come . . ."

THE INCREDIBLE THING ABOUT VIETNAM is that the worst is yet to come. We have been bombing for a relatively short time and the results are devastating. The United States is probably only operating at one per cent capacity in Vietnam. Everything could be escalated vastly — in the North, major industrial targets, major towns, and then the irrigation dams; in the South, more powerful bombs on more vulnerable targets. (It is strictly a one-way operation in the South. The Viet Cong do not have a single flying machine. We can literally

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go anywhere and bomb anything. The possibilities of devastation are open-ended.)

Yet what America is seeking is not total victory over the Viet Cong. We are going for *total defeat* of the V.C. The semantics are important, because what America should want to prove in Vietnam is that the Free World is "better," *not* that it can kill people more efficiently. If we would induce 100,000 Viet Cong to surrender to our side because our offers of social reform are better than those of the other side's, *that* would be victory. Hence, even a total military or technological defeat of the Viet Cong is going to be a partial defeat of our own purposes — a defeat of ourselves, by ourselves, as it were.

I think it is clearly established that the kind of forces in this photograph, in huge and growing numbers, are just so enormous that the chance of an American Dien Bien Phu in Vietnam are nil. But I do not speak about military victory — rather I want to make it clear that military *losing* is no longer a question. But given military "unlosability," the big question remaining is what it will take to bring about a "stable" Vietnam. "Stability" is the great catchword these days, and the Pentagon is now using the phrase "stability operation" in lieu of "counter-insurgency." Most knowledgeable people will say that a ten-year "stabilization" period is not beyond the realm of the imagination, with the number of American troops in Vietnam reaching upwards of one million.

When Hanson Baldwin, the *New York Times*' noted military commentator, suggested last spring that one million Americans might be required in Vietnam he was greeted with general derision and disbelief. Now we can say that one million American troops is a quite possible figure, though it might be reduced if other nations send in troops. The United States is constantly on the search for allies.

If one accepts the 10-to-1 ratio of "stabilizing" troops to guerrillas, then at least 1.5 million men would be required in Vietnam. The South Vietnamese army now has 600,000 men with all para-military forces included, but has low morale and efficiency, and a high desertion rate — and is having a very hard time finding more men. Anyway, it is quite pointless in one sense to project a "stabilization" period in terms of years — the British had a 55-to-1 superiority in Malaya and it took them 13 years to win.

'*Neo-Machiavellianism*'

BUT IN THE WAY THE WAR is now fought in Vietnam, the human element which, I feel, *must* be at the center even of a deadly conflict, recedes further and further into the periphery. Vietnam is simply a test case — on our side of "credibility" in resisting Communist penetration; on the Viet Cong side of the possibility of changing the world balance by leap-frogging (or burrowing under) the nuclear stalemate of the big powers. Or worse, Vietnam is simply a test bed of weapons and battle techniques. The armed peasant versus Detroit and the "think factories." But what I really fear most, if this sort of situation drags on indefinitely, is the creation of new ethics to match new warfare. Indications are that a new ethic is already being created, and such influential men as former Secretary of State Dean Acheson have begun to provide its intellectual underpinning. Acheson said in a speech at Amherst College in December 1965:

> "*The end sought by our foreign policy . . . is, as I have said, to preserve and foster an environment in which free societies may exist and flourish. Our policies and actions must be decided by whether they contribute to or detract from achievement of this end. They need no other justification or moral or ethical embellishment. . . .*"

That argument was answered in a way by French Cardinal Feltin in a Pastoral Letter issued on October 24th, 1960 (in the midst of the Algerian war) to the French military chaplains. In it the Cardinal said:

> "*There cannot be a morality which justifies efficacy by all means, if those means are in formal contradiction with Natural Law and Divine Law. Efficacy, in that case, goes against the very aim it seeks to achieve. There can be exceptional laws for exceptional situations . . . there cannot exist an exceptional morality which somehow takes leave of Natural Law and Divine Law.*"

Looking back at the Vietnam I left, I can see the means only too clearly, and so can everyone else who is not altogether blind. But I cannot say that I have found anyone who seems to have a clear idea of the end — of the "war aims" — and if the end is not clearly defined, are we justified to use any means to attain it?

Kodachrome
TRANSPARENCY

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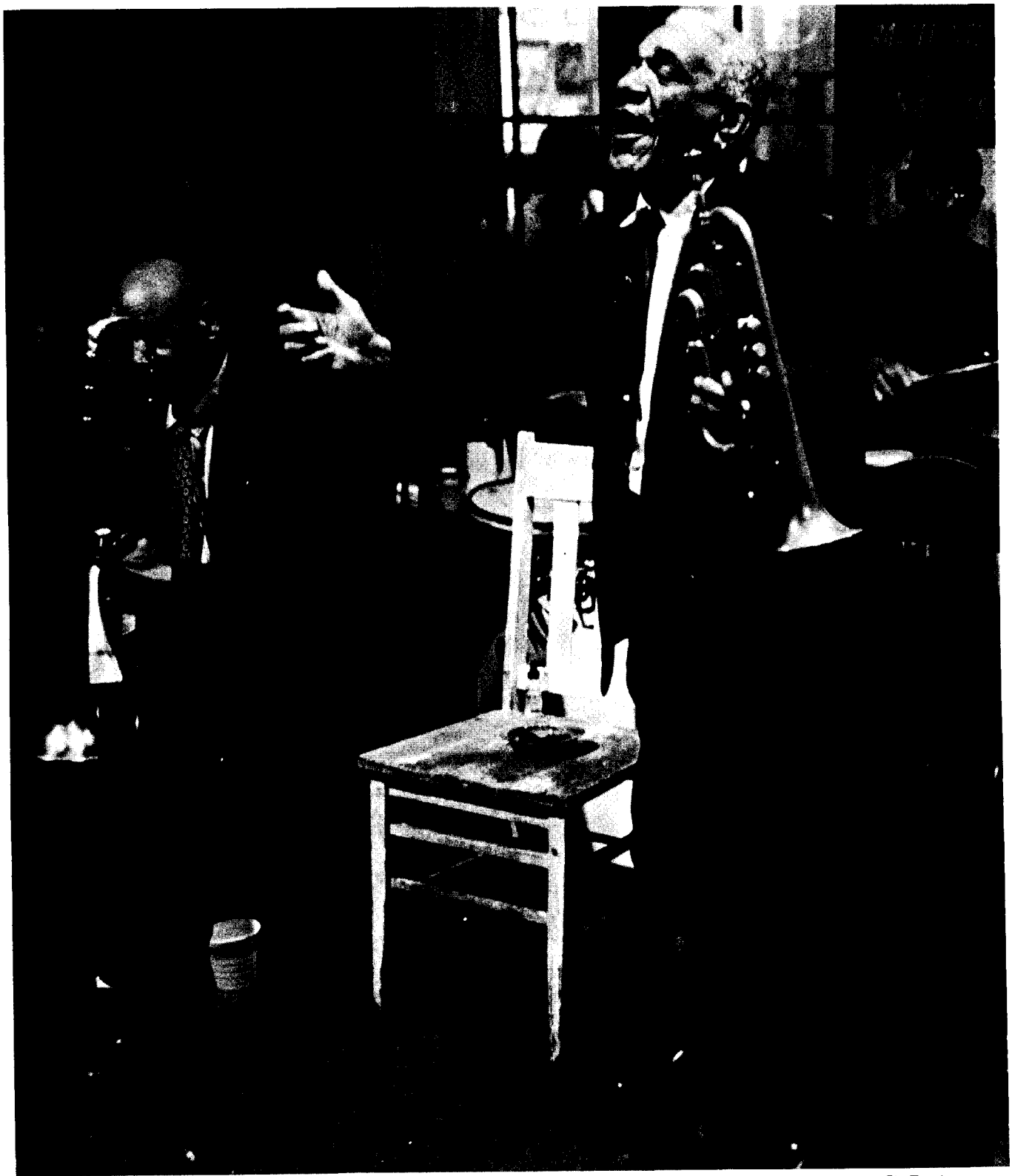
Where the Saint



Albert Warner *DeDe Pierce* *Cie Frazier*

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;o Marching Out

Billie Pierce

by John Beecher
photographs by Michael Alexander

Over the sidewalk at 726 St. Peter Street between Bourbon and Royal in New Orleans, two old instrument cases hang one above the other from a bracket. The top case, evidently made for a "trambone," is long enough for PRESERVATION to be lettered across it in tarnished gilt. The smaller case beneath, a clarinet's, spells HALL.

A gate of fine wrought-iron grillwork leads into a mouldy carriageway opening on a patio. Back there banana trees take the sun on their glistening leaves. In the shadows you can make out a fountain, peeling plaster and powdery brickwork, a sagging second-floor slave quarter gallery, its wood black with age. This is one Vieux Carré structure that has so far escaped the renovators.

To the left of the wrought-iron gate are the windows of the little hall where seven nights a week they play the music. The glass is smeared from many fingers, memorial of all those too cheap or broke to feed the kitty and go inside but who still couldn't pull themselves away from listening. Some panes are cracked and patched with masking tape where people leaned too hard on the outside. The hall is bleak, dingy through the smudged glass. You can see a beat-up piano with the wires exposed, rough board benches, dirty cushions on the floor, ramshackle chairs, second-hand church pews. Oil paintings of jazz musicians crowd the walls, a few of the more than 200 old-timers who have played here since the Hall was opened.

Five years ago 726 St. Peter was Larry Borenstein's art gallery. Larry got the idea of having some of the old Negro bands which were still picking up a few nickels around black New Orleans come and play there occasionally so people used to Bourbon Street "Dixieland" could hear the real article from which this debauched commercial jazz was derived. The first band to play there was Kid Thomas Valentine's from across the Mississippi in Algiers, a group of veterans in their 60's and 70's who'd already been "second-liners" soaking up parade music when they locked Buddy Bolden in the Angola Asylum back in 1907. (They say you could hear Buddy's cornet

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Louis N

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clean from Lake Pontchartrain, 12 or 14 miles away, louder than Louis Armstrong with his microphone on full blast. Buddy blew his soul out by the time he was 29 and they put him away for keeps.)

So Larry got the music going again in his gallery. Actually it had never stopped in the Negro community, but, except for a few "buffs" and jazz historians, the white folks had lost interest and quit paying it any mind. Soon Larry moved on to bigger galleries and turned 726 St. Peter over to Allan and Sandra Jaffe, a young couple recently graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. They quit their regular jobs, christened the place "Preservation Hall," and got to work. They dedicated themselves to building up the Hall as a place where all the traditional musicians of New Orleans would get a chance to be heard once more, and the American public might rediscover their vitality and charm.

NOT A NIGHT IN THE WEEK, Sundays included, passes without a concert in the Hall from 8:30 to 12:30 by some traditional aggregation. The Jaffes have an apartment on the patio in the back. The Hall is their life, *tout court*. They have financed sets of dentures for old horn men who could no longer blow with toothless gums. They have bought instruments for musicians so sunk in alcohol and the despair of joblessness that they had hocked their own. Every night, no matter how humidly oppressive in summer or dankly chill in winter, the Jaffes are on the job at the Hall. Sandra perches on the stool inside the gate with the kitty basket in her lap. "Donations" are a dollar for adults and four-bits for students. Allan introduces the musicians, makes the announcements, sells records in the carriageway, "sits in" with his massive battered helicon — a bass horn related to the tuba — on final sets with the band.

Larry Borenstein and the Jaffes made it possible, but they would be the last to claim credit for the rediscovery of this almost buried New Orleans music. The bands have brought the people, all kinds, in increasing numbers. There are local devotees who may be found there night after night like New Orleans novelist Tom Sancton; Jerry Cushman, the city librarian; Dick Allen, head of the Ford-financed jazz archives at Tulane University; Bill Russell, the jazz authority who played a great role in the revival of New Orleans music which swept New York and the San Francisco Bay area in the 1940's. There are the casual vulgarians, junketing conventioneers or college students, who wander hazily in, hurricanes in hand (a hurricane is three full ounces of rotgut rum in a tall pink drink) from Pat O'Brien's alcoholic extravaganza next door. And there are the devout pilgrims from Japan, Britain, Germany, Italy, France, Denmark, Sweden, who have journeyed to New Orleans for no other reason than to hear this music in reverential beatitude. One week a field crew of the French national television monopoly will be covering the Hall with their cameras and recorder. The next week it will be photographers for some encyclopedia. The next, an Italian movie company arrives and shoots a scene for a film-in-the-making about life in the United States.

Last summer three English lads were at the Hall every night. They blew trumpets in marching jazz bands back home and were spending the summer perfecting their techniques under the master, 68-year-old Punch Miller, and listening to the other ensembles. The musicians affectionately dubbed them Kid Brian, Kid Colin, and Kid Clive. The last, Clive Wilson, was the son of an Anglican rector in a London suburb, and a university graduate in mathematics. The Olympia Band made him an honorary member. Kid Clive marched beside famous trumpeter Kid Sheik in the seven-hour-long parade of the Jolly Bunch Social and Pleasure Club, very blond and proud to be wearing an Olympia uniform cap among the dark bandsmen and the frenzied black dancers of the "second-line."

SUPPOSE YOUR FIRST NIGHT at the Hall is one when DeDe and Billie Pierce are on. He is 61, she 58. They are husband and wife, DeDe playing cornet and Billie piano. Both are also vocalists. Backing them up are Albert Warner on trombone and Cie Frazier on drums, both old men in years. DeDe has gone totally blind from glaucoma. They say for a time he just gave up and quit. But from his wife and maybe, too, the grace of God, he got the incentive to pick up his horn and go on in the darkness. His cornet seems to explore every reach of emotion from the wildest sorrow to serene resignation and thence to dionysian joy. DeDe is a Creole, in New Orleans black parlance a *mestizo* of partly French or Spanish as well as Negro descent. DeDe's mother spoke only French. His father was a bricklaying contractor, a trade formerly a monopoly of the mulatto Creoles. DeDe himself was a brickmason as well as a cornet-player before he lost his sight. Most New Orleans musicians have been forced to practice a second trade in order to survive at all. DeDe sings as superbly as he plays. His best songs are in Gombo, the Negro-French patois of Louisiana, such as the rollicking, "Eh, La Bas!" and the risqué "Sali Dame" ("Dirty Lady") which it is perhaps just as well his listeners can't follow.

Billie Pierce is the last blues singer in the pure tradition of the greatest blues singer of all, Bessie Smith, who died following an automobile accident on tour in Mississippi back in 1937. (Drummer Dave Oxley, another Preserva-

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tion Hall performer, drove the bus for Bessie's minstrel show and was there when it happened. He tells a more accurate story than Albee does in his play, "The Death of Bessie Smith." The Clarksdale hospital refused to send an ambulance for a colored person, and while they were waiting for a Negro ambulance to come 80 unpaved miles from Memphis, the great singer bled to death by the roadside.) When Billie Pierce was only 15, she served a brief apprenticeship as accompanist for Bessie Smith, assimilating her incomparable style. Billie is her own accompanist now, as well as DeDe, playing a pure forceful jazz piano, sometimes mis-called "primitive." In her old sweater over a nondescript dress, all the gaps in her teeth showing when she sings a blues, her thinning hair done up in a couple of little pigtails like a girl's, she has a heartbreaking beauty and dignity.

ALBERT WARNER'S TROMBONE is straight "tail-gate" style. This term is derived from the wagon bands which used to ride around the city advertising some coming event, the "trambone" man sitting at the back so he could extend his slide over the tail-gate of the vehicle. Cie Frazier shows the greatest virtuosity of the surviving New Orleans drummers. His solos are unmatched for sustained drive and rhythmical intricacy. Rapt over his percussive collection of snare, bass, kettle, blocks, bells, and cymbals, Frazier seems an atavistic figure, possessed by the gods of the drums, on some far ancestral shore. Nevertheless this is a 100 per cent Catholic band. All but Cie Frazier are members of the same Jim Crow-Josephite parish, Corpus Christi, out on St. Bernard. Until last summer another Corpus Christi parishioner, Albert Jiles, was drummer with DeDe and Billie Pierce. Jiles dropped dead after a hot day on his job as a car cleaner for the L&N Railroad. He had been due to retire on pension in a month or two. My wife and I attended his funeral Mass at Corpus Christi, the only whites there save for the celebrant. This requiem for a Negro jazzman was sung in Gregorian chant. No band escorted his body to the cemetery with the strains of "Fly as a Bird to the Mountains," nor were the returning marchers cheered by the gay anthem, "Oh, Didn't He Ramble!" The Church in New Orleans disapproves of jazz funeral parades for its defunct communicants as a practice smacking of paganism.

Other combinations that are stand-bys at the Hall are George Lewis' band, Jim Robinson's, Percy Humphrey's Crescent City Joymakers, Kid Thomas' Algiers Stompers, Punch Miller's Bunch, Paul Barbarin's, Louis Cottrell's trio — Cottrell is president of the Negro musicians' local union and a magnificent clarinetist — Creole George Guesnon's band, Peter Bocage's, and Sweet Emma Barrett with her "boys" averaging close to 70. Sweet Emma, "the bell gal," is a gnomelike pianist and singer. She was a popular girl pianist with the Tuxedo Band of New Orleans in the early 1920's and could be close to 70 today. Sweet Emma beats out powerful chords with her clawlike hands — a rival says "Emma just aims at the keys" — and stamps her tiny feet to the beat. She used to wear bells on her garters just below her knees which kept up a jingling accompaniment, whence her nickname, "the bell gal." They interfered with her circulation, however, and now she leaves her bells off. One leg is badly ulcerated and swathed in rags. She refuses to see a doctor. One night we brought a progressive young French Jesuit, a professor at the University of Paris, to visit the Hall when Sweet Emma was playing. She begged him to give her a holy talisman although she is not Catholic. "Gimme a medal, Father, and bless it for me." He was scandalized. Emma is hunchbacked from a severe curvature of the upper spine. Her lower lip protrudes like a gargoyle's. She wears a funny red skull cap. For all her age and deformity, something lovely and infinitely young comes out when she plays and sings, particularly numbers on the salty side.

My jelly-roll is sweet,
And it can't be beat.
I know you want it.
You can't have it.
I ain't goin' to give you none.

Punch Miller is pushing 70 but still blows a trumpet whose arabesques are unbelievably fresh and exciting. Kid Thomas, close to 75, blows a strongly controlled trumpet. Some jazz savants maintain that his trumpet style is the purest New Orleans still extant. The Humphrey brothers, Percy on trumpet and Willie on clarinet, are the last members of a famous musical family which has captivated New Orleans for three generations. Percy Humphrey leads the Eureka Marching Band which played at President Kennedy's inauguration in Washington, and can still draw its thousands on the back streets of New Orleans' Negro slums. Willie Humphrey, for all his age and girth, plays clarinet with a Pan-like ebullience and clear beauty. Trombonist Jim Robinson, now in his middle 70's, plays with them, reinforcing the polyphony and taking solos of brilliant ease. Drummers Dave Oxley, Joe Watkins, Alex Bigard, and Sammy Penn all differ in their style and should each be heard.

THOUGH THE SAXOPHONE is not a traditional New Orleans instrument, having been introduced after the birth of jazz and by way of the North, Emmanuel Paul, Andrew Morgan, and Captain John Handy have certainly naturalized it. I heard Captain John as one of an ensemble including DeDe and Billie

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Papa John Joseph

Pierce, Cie Frazier, and banjoist Creole George Guesnon play for a special audience of nuns and priests out at Loyola University of the South last summer. Captain John lacked some of his usual driving fervor and confessed afterwards, "When I looked around and saw all those Jesus-faces I just couldn't tunk!" Later that evening, with Creole George's rough, galloping band down at the Hall, Captain John "tunked" like an angel, his black face an ecstatic mask. A highly educated Negro lady we had brought with us couldn't stand too much of it and left early. She had never heard that kind of music before. It awoke something within her that she hadn't known about. The incredible power of that music, in Gerard Manley Hopkins' phrase ". . . the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!"

Outside of New Orleans, George Lewis' band has probably the greatest contemporary reputation. It has performed at the Monterey Jazz Festival, played the college and university circuit, and is making its third triumphal tour of Japan this summer. George Lewis at 67 is hardly bigger than his clarinet, weighing only 105. Without formal musical training, he has nevertheless been declared by some the most perfect living exponent of the New Orleans style. Louis Nelson plays trombone with George, a very tall, sensitive-faced old man with tragic eyes. On one of his good nights fog constantly spumes from the bell of his trombone as he blows. His fascinating figures are full of glisses and musical chuckles. Lagging slightly behind the beat, his tempo catches the elusive quality of jazz, dithyrambic, soaring, swooping suddenly down on wings of mellow sound.

If you had come to Preservation Hall before the turn of the year you could have heard Joe Robichaux play piano with the band, a virtuoso whose flying fingers were a blur on the treble when he soloed. Joe was a comedian too and would hit the last chords standing up to play, then wheeling to conclude by sitting down hard three times on the bass — boudoum! boudoum! boudom! like a drum. Beside him in the rhythm section stood slender Papa John Joseph, 90 years old, but steadily plucking out his eight to the bar on string bass all evening long. Both Joe Robichaux and Papa John Joseph died of heart attacks within a few days of each other last January. Lester Santiago, pianist with Paul Barbarin's fine band, died the same way the same week. Papa John passed on a Sunday night at the end of his four-hour playing stint. The band had just wound up the great old spiritual, "When the Saints Go Marching In." The last pluck of the string bass faded on the smoke-filled air, the crash of applause and the shouts drowned out the final chords. They looked and Papa John wasn't with them any more. He had just left and gone marching in.

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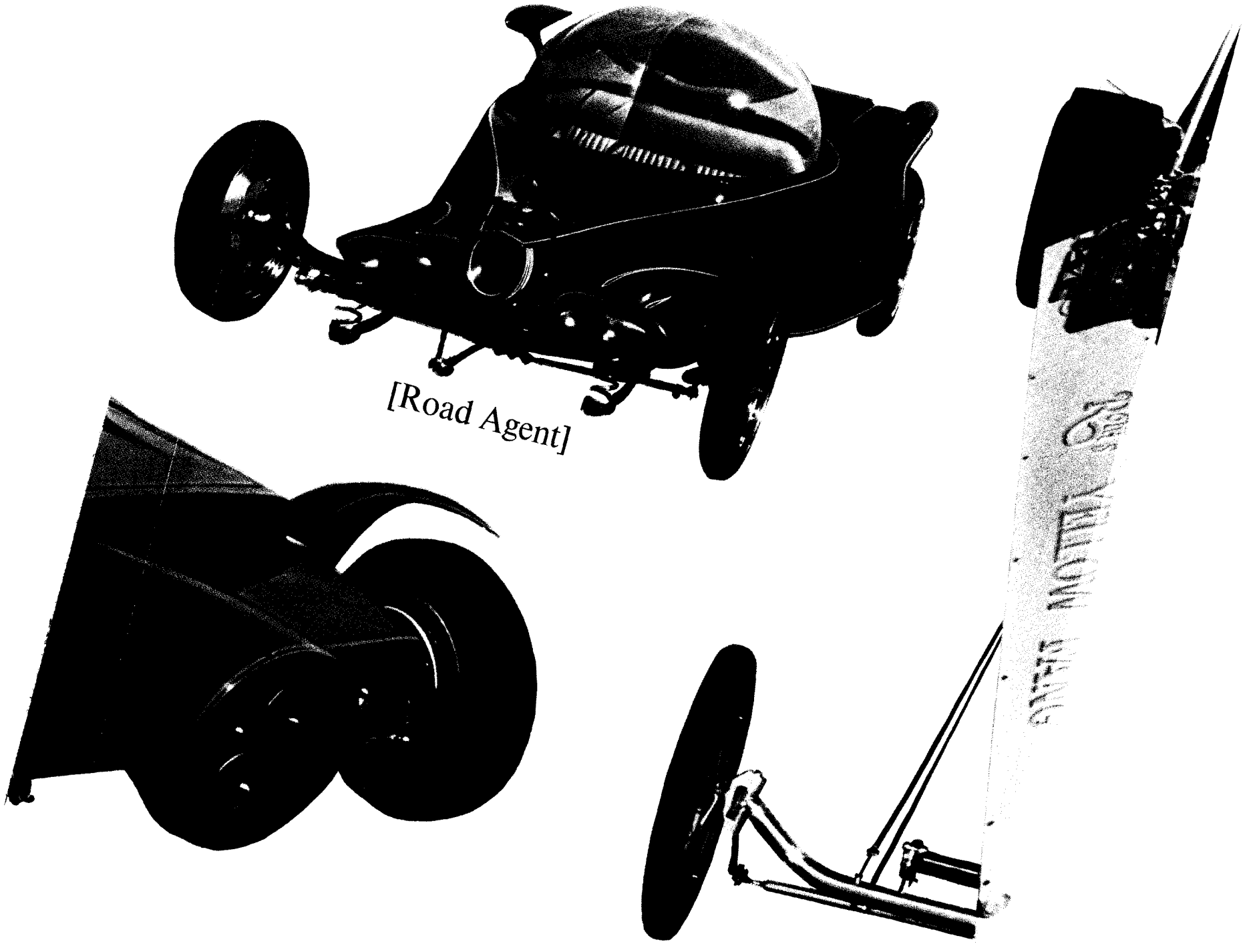
# of Ed [Big Daddy] Roth



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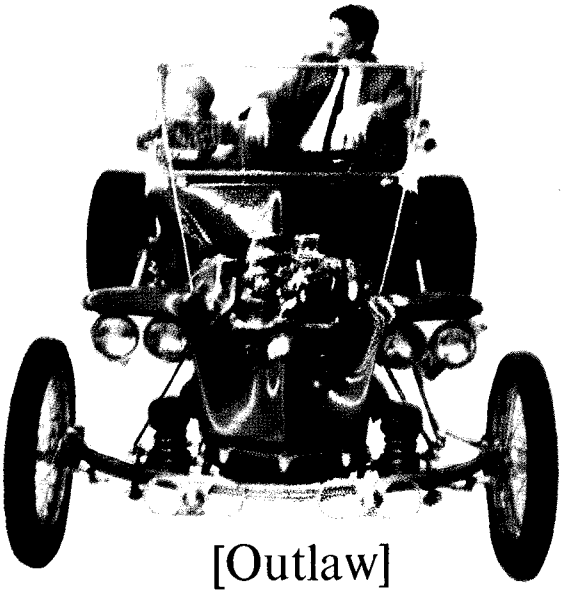
The First One Man Show



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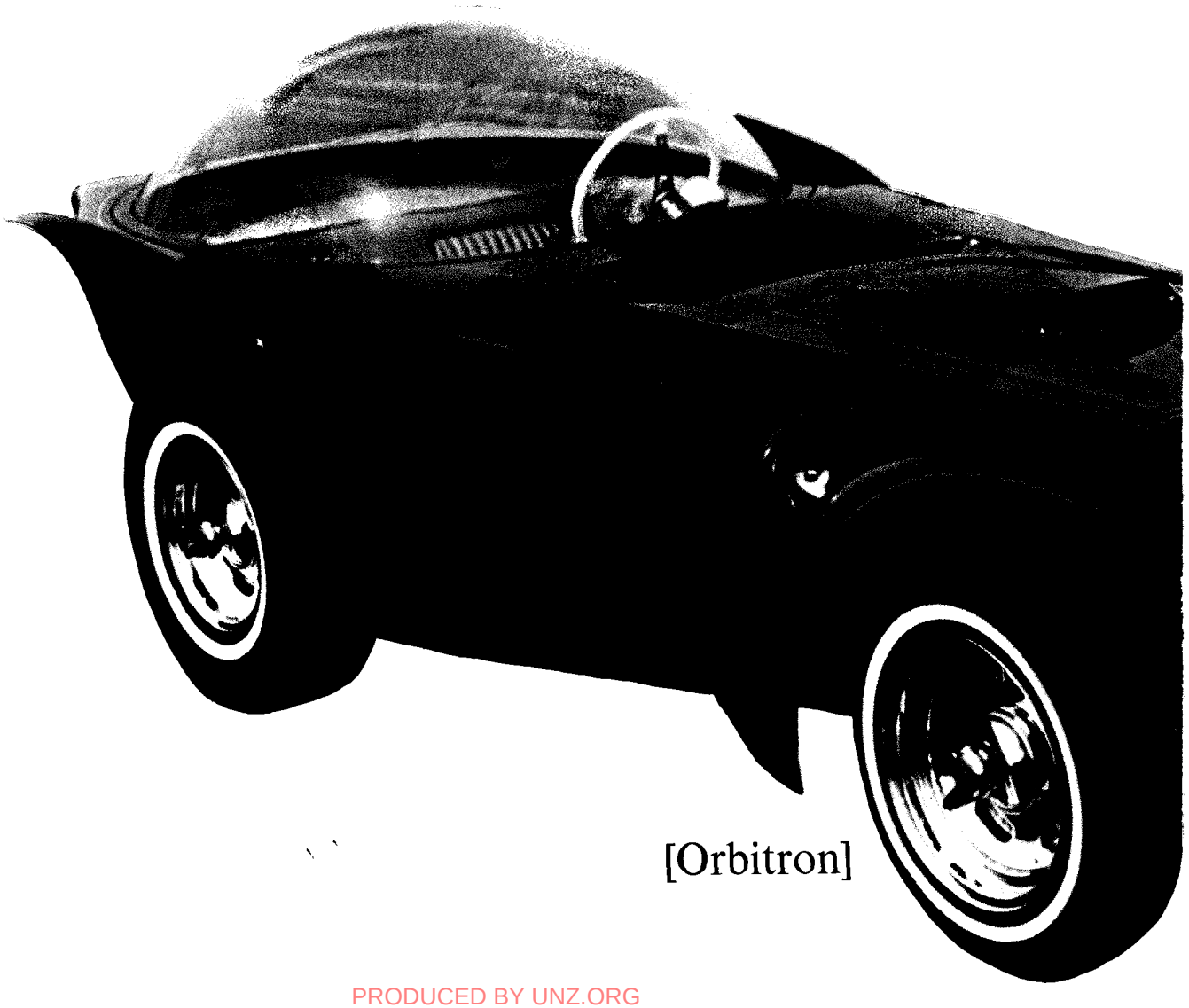

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Ed [Big Daddy] Roth is King of the Customizers. (*King of the what?*)

He is also a master sculptor in a bizarre and unique art form.

To explain—Customizing cars is the craft of creating something personal out of the assembly line products of Detroit. This has been with us since the late forties when teenagers in Southern California discovered that they could attain a little identity with a '40 Ford, some lead, a torch, paint and imagination. Ed Roth was a pioneer in the movement and, true to the ancient traditions of art, he is an unpredictable rebel. He travels easily on both sides of the establishment/anti-establishment street.

His career and legend were launched when, for some mild act of vandalism, he was thrown out of the body and fender shop where he was serving an apprenticeship. An uphill struggle with finances, the law and his art ensued, and now he is King—with all the responsibilities the title implies. A member in good standing of the Hell's Angels, he has quit smoking and drinking because he feels that he has a duty to provide his adolescent followers with a good example. (He is the real Big Daddy of five.)

Talking with Ed you are never quite sure if he is putting you on. There is absolutely none of the inarticulate mumbling often associated with the adolescent rebellion. He speaks reverently of Walt Disney as "the greatest," and has plans to build a giant "Monsterland" in the Southern California desert. He has produced a mail order catalogue of shirts, hats, decals, and the like, decorated with his "Monster Art."

Pop Art is "neat," Los Angeles Police Chief Parker is "neat," and the toy manufacturer who produces scale models of his cars is "neat." About the only thing he mentioned that isn't "neat" is, understandably, the Volkswagen Bus.

All this is by way of introducing the truly original art of Ed Roth: His first one-man-show of wheeled sculpture.

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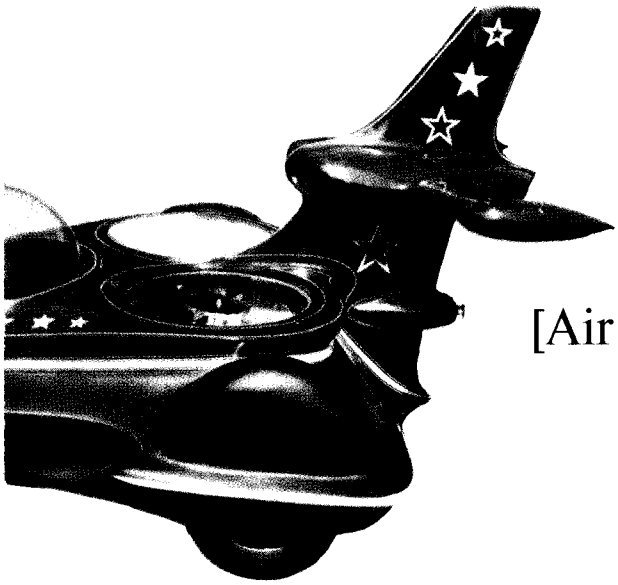

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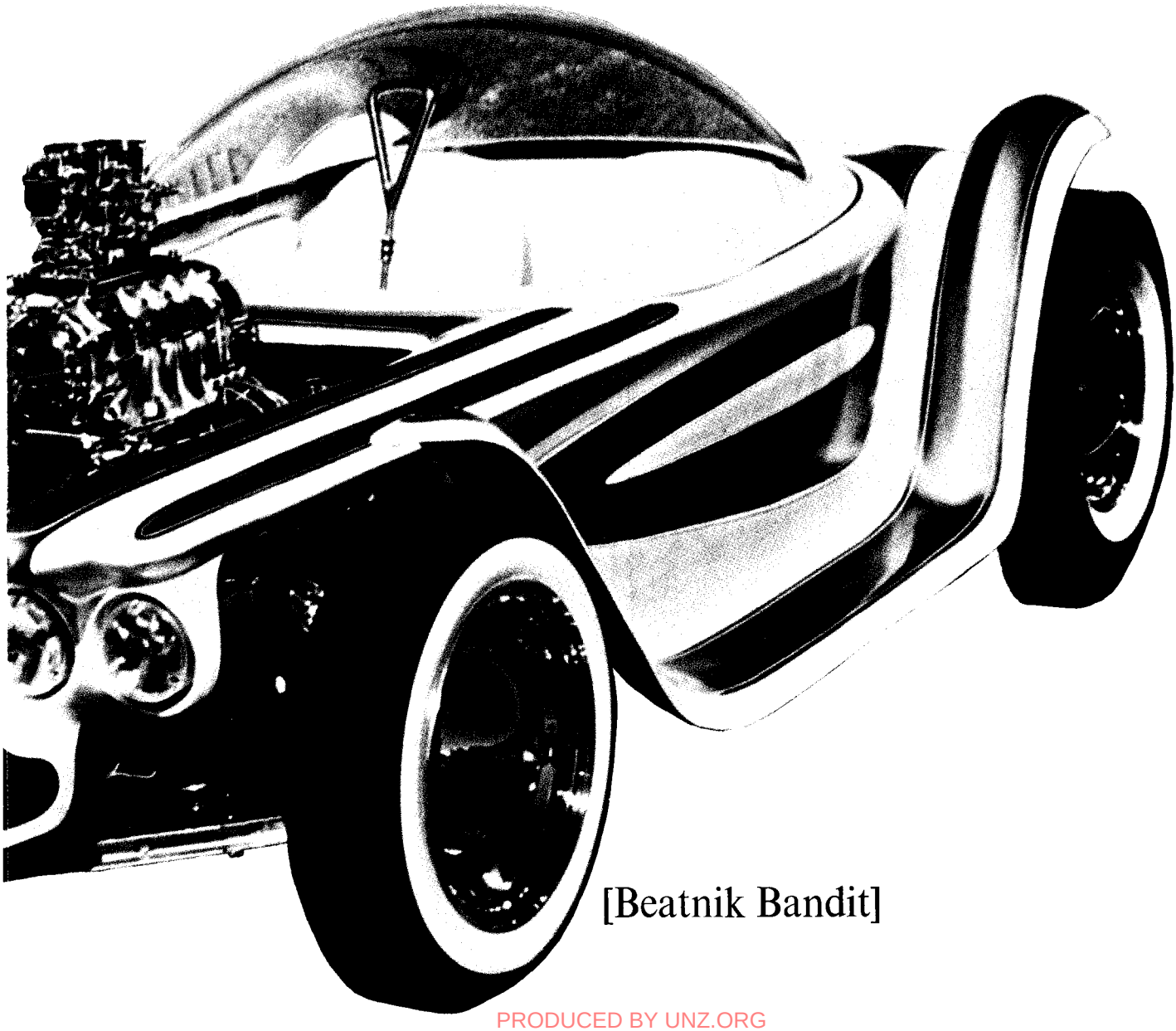

[Beatnik Bandit]

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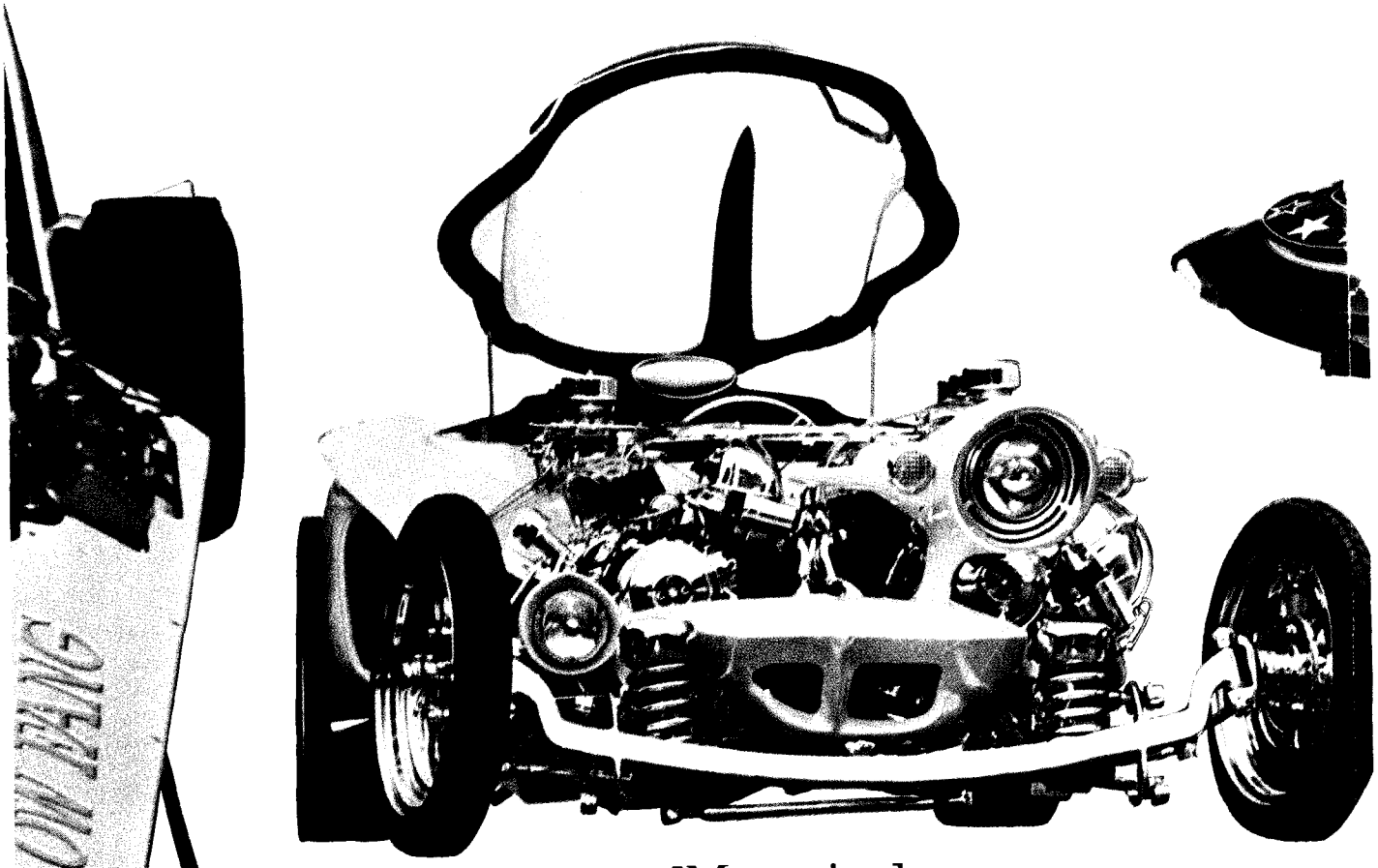

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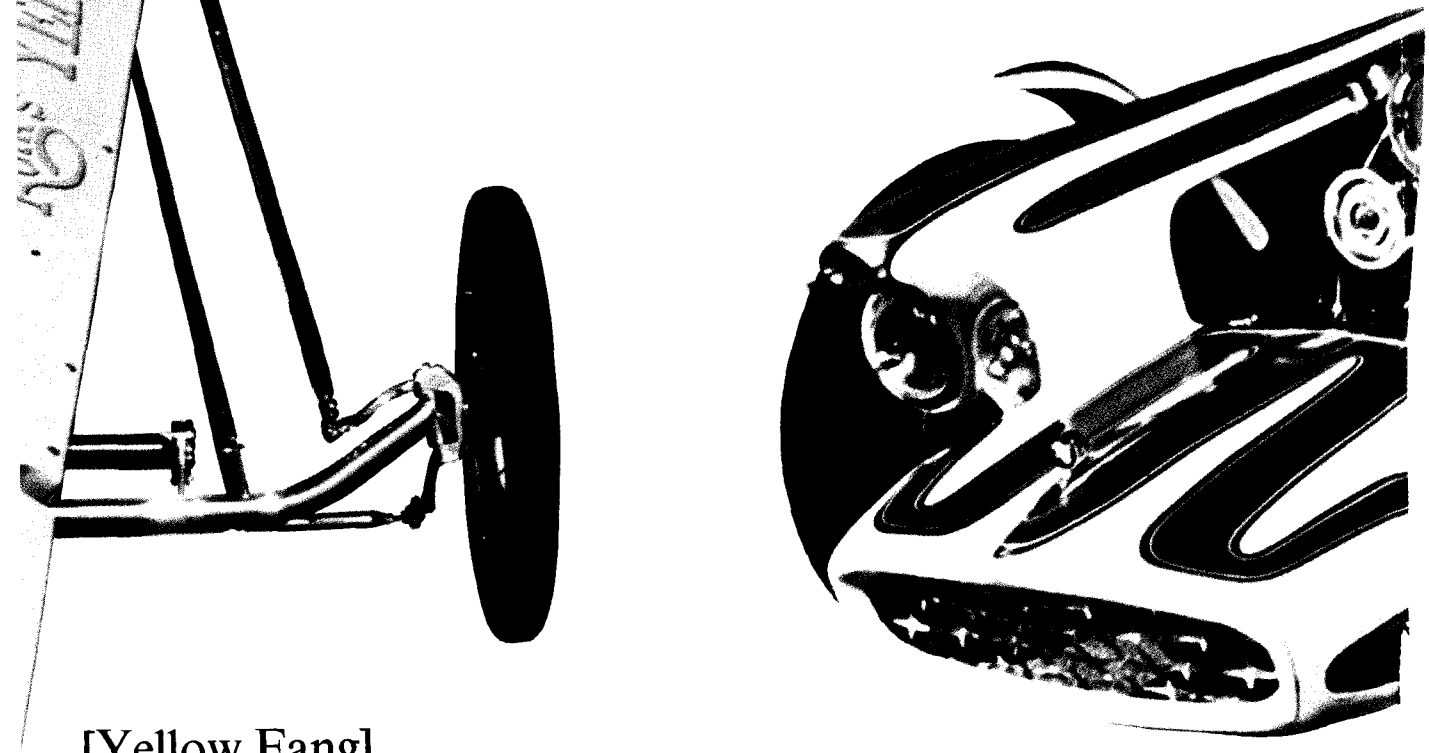

[Yellow Fang]

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WHY SHOULD THE UNITED STATES' special position in the hemisphere not still be tenable? This special position has always been based on the United States' power — power to keep Old World powers out, and power to keep the other American republics under the United States' thumb. Today the power of the United States is greater than ever before, and this not only absolutely but relatively to the present power of all other states in the world, both outside the hemisphere and inside it. When the Monroe Doctrine was originally proclaimed, it was virtually underwritten by Great Britain, and one may question whether President Monroe would have ventured to proclaim his doctrine if he had not felt certain, in advance, that he would have Britain's concurrence and sympathy. If Britain had not been in favour of the Monroe Doctrine, it might have been difficult for the United States to maintain the Doctrine against the Holy Alliance. If Britain had been hostile to the Doctrine, it would have been untenable from the start, for, at that date, Britain possessed a world-wide naval supremacy. The contrast between the degree of the United States' power then and now is striking. World-wide naval supremacy has now passed from Britain to the United States. So far as naval power goes — or military or economic power, for that matter — the United States today is in no need of any other country's support for maintaining the Monroe Doctrine. She has the material power to maintain her Doctrine by force against all comers.

Of course, the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine has never depended on force alone. The Doctrine was carefully formulated in terms that were calculated to secure the acquiescence of the Old World powers and the good will of the other American republics. The United States did not threaten to deprive the European powers of their surviving dominions and possessions in the hemisphere. She limited her requirements about these to vetoing any re-expansion of European possessions in the hemisphere or any transfer of any of them from one European power to another. She froze the existing colonial map in the hemisphere to the disadvantage of the European colonial powers. The United States did not guarantee them against further movements for independence among their remaining subjects in the hemisphere, and when, in Cuba, a revolt against European rule became chronic, the United States eventually intervened by force to liberate Cuba from Spain and to add Cuba to the list

Illustrations by Ken Harshfield

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of independent American republics. The United States also did not guarantee her sister republics against either each other or the United States herself. She did not prevent Chile from annexing Bolivian and Peruvian territory, though these Chilean annexations deprived Bolivia of the whole of her seaboard; and, in 1847, the United States made sweeping annexations of territory at Mexico's expense.

All the same, the Monroe Doctrine was unprovocative in the sense that it did not embody any settled policy of aggression either against the other American republics or against the European colonial powers. The United States has, of course, committed acts of aggression in the hemisphere. Her annexations of Mexican territory are the most flagrant case. But her aggression has been infrequent, usually unpremeditated, and, one might almost say, accidental. Filibustering was a branch of Southern private enterprise, but the Federal Government can hardly be said to have countenanced it or to have cashed in on it, unless one reckons the creation of the Republic of Texas, and its subsequent incorporation in the United States, as a filibuster on the king-size scale of Texas itself. However, if a Mexican were to keep an account of his country's debit and credit balance in its political relations with the United States, he would have to set off, against the loss of Texas, New Mexico and California, the United States' rescue of the residue of Mexico from being swallowed whole by Napoleon III. He would also have to note that Napoleon III found his opportunity to put in his puppet emperor, Maximilian, and to support his puppet with a French expeditionary force, at a time when the Monroe Doctrine was temporarily in abeyance because of the United States Civil War. When the Civil War ended, the Monroe Doctrine promptly revived, and its revival saved Mexico from being virtually incorporated in the French Empire.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE has also visibly benefited Latin American republics that have fallen foul of European powers over boundary disputes or over the non-payment of Latin American debts. In such situations, the existence of the Monroe Doctrine has usually made the European party to the dispute cautious about resorting to force as a means of vindicating its claims; and, when a European power has ignored the Monroe Doctrine in its dealings with a Latin American republic, it has exposed itself to the risk of being called to order by Washington. A warning from the United States to Britain, apropos of Venezuela, once gave a United States Secretary of State his opportunity to make a classic exposition of the United States' policy in the hemisphere. The diplomatic note addressed to London may have been more offensive to Latin American susceptibilities in its emphasis on the 'unilaterality' of the United States' policy in the hemisphere than it was to British susceptibilities in its truculence. Still, in this incident, the United States was, after all, coming out as the defender of one of her sister American republics against a European power. In substance, the Monroe Doctrine has surely worked out, on balance, to the Latin American republics' advantage, however objectionable they may have found it to be defended by a foreign country on that foreign country's terms, without themselves having been given a say in what their self-appointed protectress was going to do.

Why, then, should the Monroe Doctrine have become untenable, if the United States' power to enforce it is now greater than ever, and if the Doctrine is also advantageous on the whole to the other American republics and is unobnoxious, on the whole, to the Old World powers? This question has to be examined in the light of a number of changes in the international situation that have occurred since the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated.

One of these changes is the disappearance of the political menace to the hemisphere from Europe. At the time when the Monroe Doctrine was enunciated, it looked as if the powers of the Holy Alliance might reinstate the Spanish Crown in its lost Empire of the Indies and might thus dominate Spanish America themselves. One of the classic devices of imperialism is to set up a puppet government that cannot maintain itself without the support of foreign bayonets, and then to give it this military support on the pretext of championing legitimate authority against rebellion. This arrangement leads to the 'protectorate' becoming a possession *de facto*, even if the imperialist power prefers to keep up an appearance of correctness by continuing to rule in the puppet's name. This is the method by which France would have gained possession of Mexico in the 1860's if, in the United States, the North had not won the Civil War in time to enable the administration at Washington to serve on Napoleon III a notice to quit which he could not venture to defy. This is how France conquered and ruled Morocco; she did it all in the name of the King of Morocco, as the vindicator of the King's legitimate authority against dissident tribesmen. This is how the British empire in India was built up; and this is how France ruled parts of her dominions in Vietnam. She acted as the protectress of an Annamite emperor. (A citizen of a European ex-colonial power, looking on at what the United States is doing today in France's former domain in Indo-China, will believe that he is seeing the first stage of the establishment of a United States colonial empire there.) Till after the end of the Civil War in the United States, there was a serious possibility that one or another of the Latin American republics might

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fall victim to this European device of empire-building by puppetry, and, so long as that danger was real, the Monroe Doctrine had an obvious value for the Latin American republics. The Doctrine has lost this value for them since then.

IT IS TRUE THAT EUROPE is not the only quarter of the Old World from which a threat to Latin American independence might arise. In the future, the shadow of Russia or China might grow long enough to fall on the hemisphere. But, if Russia or China were, at some future date, to stalk the hemisphere, the strategy would be a new one. Instead of setting up a puppet at the top, a Communist imperialist power would foster a revolution from below. This has already happened in Cuba and is happening in Venezuela, and the sequel has already demonstrated that this new method of encroachment on the hemisphere is far more difficult for the United States to combat than the old method that was followed by the Holy Alliance and by Napoleon III. It is more difficult because the new method is likely to win a far more broadly-based local native support than the old method could ever have won.

However, this new form of Old World 'presence' in the hemisphere is still only just beginning to reveal itself and, in the meantime, the old-style imperialist threat to Latin America has dropped out of the picture. The change is illustrated by the difference between Napoleon III's approach to Latin America and General de Gaulle's. Napoleon III sent French troops to Mexico to support an unpopular puppet-emperor of his there; this French invasion was opposed by a Mexican resistance movement; and, when the United States forced Napoleon III to evacuate Mexico, she was undoubtedly acting in accordance with the Mexican people's wishes. De Gaulle made a 'good-will tour' around Latin America and posed as a champion of the Latin world in its resistance to the domineering Anglo-Saxons. De Gaulle's move was ineffective. The Latin Americans had taken the measure of France's present strength by comparison with the United States' strength, so they did not take de Gaulle's gesture seriously. All the same, the line that de Gaulle took on his Latin American tour is significant. His propaganda was based on the assumption that the Latin Americans were now more afraid of being dominated by the United States than they were of being dominated by any European country, and this assumption was surely correct. The weak point in de Gaulle's propaganda was not that; it was the impotence of present-day France to do anything practical to give effect to de Gaulle's brave words. De Gaulle might perhaps have received more attention in Latin America and have found more response if France's relative strength today had still been what it was in the 1860's.

Another important change in the international situation is the change in the character of the United States' interests in the other hemisphere countries. Originally her interest was predominantly political. Her chief concern was to safeguard her own recently-won independence by keeping the remains of European rule in the hemisphere within their existing bounds and by taking any opportunities of squeezing the European powers out of their surviving footholds. This political concern is, of course, as strong as ever, as is shown by the vigour of the reaction in the United States to the 'presence' of Russia in Cuba. The United States' abiding political concern, in terms of old-fashioned power-politics, is, however, supplemented — and complicated — today by an ideological concern and by an economic one, and these two new factors make United States' relations with all the other hemisphere countries more delicate.

SO LONG AS THE UNITED STATES' political objective in the hemisphere was merely to make sure that no independent hemisphere country should fall back into the hands of some imperialist-minded European power, the United States' relations with her sister republics were fairly straightforward. The Latin Americans might not like to have their independence guaranteed by the United States unilaterally, but they certainly wanted their independence to be preserved. This was perhaps the one thing about which all factions and all social classes in every Latin American country would have seen eye to eye. And, insofar as they lacked the strength to preserve their independence unaided, they would acquiesce to unsolicited aid from the United States as being the lesser of two evils. At this stage, therefore, the United States could intervene against an Old World power that was threatening a Latin American country's independence without becoming involved in intervening in the threatened country's internal affairs. This has become more difficult, however, since the advent of communism and fascism as world-wide movements and forces. It has been made even more difficult than it need have been by the United States' adoption of an article of ideological faith that is surely unrealistic.

This present-day belief in the United States is that no human being has ever become, or could become, a Communist of his own free will as a result of his being convinced that communism offers a cure for the present-day world's social maladies. People become Communists either because communism has been imposed on them by force or because they have been successfully deluded into misunderstanding communism's aims. If they were free agents, properly informed, they would be immune. If this

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is a fair account of what one might perhaps call the 'Dulles Doctrine,' the assumption behind this doctrine will not hold water. Its truth has never been verified, and it raises the insoluble problem of creation *ex nihilo*. If no human being has ever embraced communism voluntarily with full knowledge of what communism stands for, how did the first Communist ever become a Communist when there was no pre-existent Communist to bamboozle or compel him? *A fortiori*, how has communism come to be the formidable world-force that the 'Dulles Doctrine' takes it to be? The doctrine is manifestly vulnerable, but the practical point is that it is believed in and has been acted upon, and this has been having a serious effect on the United States' relations with Latin American countries — and with Old World countries too: e.g., Vietnam. The 'Dulles Doctrine' entails the belief that, whenever and wherever communism makes its appearance, it is not a spontaneous local reaction to local conditions, but has been produced by subversion from some external Communist source. It follows that, if the United States responds by counter-subversion, she is not attacking any genuinely native movement but is saving the natives of the country from subversion from abroad. In fact, for believers in the 'Dulles Doctrine,' United States intervention in the internal affairs of a foreign country is not intervention in that country's internal affairs, but is intervention to protect it against foreign aggression, when this presumed foreign aggression reveals itself in the form of a pseudo-native Communist movement.

THIS CONSEQUENCE OF THE 'Dulles Doctrine' is serious; it has been made more serious by an escalation of the doctrine. In at least two test cases — namely, Guatemala and the Dominican Republic — the United States has taken the position that if, in her judgment, a non-Communist, left-wing regime looks as if it might be infiltrated by communism and might be captured by it, the United States is justified in taking preventive action. She is justified in subverting the suspect regime in order to forestall the suspected Communist designs upon it. President Arbenz' regime in Guatemala was subverted by the United States on this ground, and the current intervention of the United States in the Dominican Republic seems, to a European observer, to have the same motive. Even if Colonel Caamano's government is the constitutional one, it must not be allowed to win, for fear that it might subsequently change colour from Radical pink to Communist red. This escalation of the 'Dulles Doctrine' entitles the United States, in her own eyes, to intervene in the internal affairs of any foreign country at her own discretion. It is a return to the 'gun-boat policy' that the United States tried out in the Caribbean in the early decades of the present century, and then deliberately abandoned. But this is the 'gun-boat policy' in a new form. The original policy was applied empirically, *ad hoc*. The escalated 'Dulles Doctrine' calls for intervention on principle, and therefore calls for its systematic application.

Is this new interpretation of the United States' special position tenable? The United States has the material power to act on it, but is she prepared to accept the political and moral consequences? In Latin America and in the rest of the world today, anti-imperialism is one of the strongest of all contemporary global movements. It has proved to be stronger than the current ideologies. Communist Jugoslavia, for instance, chose to break with Communist Russia rather than submit to the leading Communist country's domination. Anti-imperialism is a mighty force to challenge. The United States perhaps has the power; but is she going to continue to have the will when the consequences begin to unfold themselves?

This ideological interest is not the only new interest of the United States in the rest of the hemisphere that has grown up side by side with her original power-politics interest. The United States now has an economic interest there as well, and this is complicating her relations with Canada today, as well as with the Latin American countries.

AT THE TIME WHEN THE UNITED STATES won her independence, she had high hopes of finding a new trading partner in the Spanish Empire of the Indies. This commercial ambition, besides a dislike of the insignia of the former British regime, was a motive for the replacement of pounds, shillings and pence by dollars as the units of the United States' currency. Her expectations, however, hung fire. The fall of the Spanish regime did open up Hispanic America for foreign traders, but the earliest beneficiaries of this economic revolution in the hemisphere were the British. The liberation of the Hispanic Americans brought the United States a political gain in the shape of increased security for her own political independence, but the lion's share of the economic gain went, in the first phase, to Britain. This was, of course, the reason why Britain favoured the Monroe Doctrine. Britain was happy to see the United States take the onus of guaranteeing the independence of the new Hispanic American republics while Britain herself did profitable commercial business in Latin America behind the United States shield. Britain had been ahead of the rest of the world in making the Industrial Revolution; so, when Latin America was thrown open for trade, Britain was able to seize this big opportunity immediately, while the United States was

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not. But this, of course, was only the first chapter of the story. Since then, the United States has industrialised her economy, and has done this on a scale that has dwarfed Britain's industrial capacity. The preoccupation of Britain's economic energies in the two world wars has done the rest. The United States has now superseded Britain as the major foreign trader in Latin America. In the competition for this commercial field, the United States has outclassed Germany too; and this change in the balance of power among Latin America's trading partners has created a new situation for Latin America. Latin Americans, like the rest of us, dislike foreign domination in any form, economic or political, but so long as the economic domination and the political domination over Latin America were in the hands of different foreign countries, the Latin Americans' position was at least more favourable than it has come to be since the United States has united the two kinds of domination in her own hands.

Present-day United States economic dominance in the rest of the hemisphere is brought home by the visible monuments of it. For instance, in the port cities along the Pacific coast of South America, the local office buildings of the Grace Line tower above the public buildings of whichever Latin American republic it may be. The 'presence' of the United Fruit Company in Central America and in the Antilles is still more conspicuous. These private United States corporations are great powers which overshadow the power of the average Latin American republic. They are not to blame for this. It is an inevitable consequence of their commercial success. The result, however, is to make the United States' special position in the hemisphere less easily tenable. 'Invisible' occupations are the easiest to operate, and the activities and apparatus of the great United States trading corporations cannot be hidden under a bushel.

THE UNITED STATES' EXPANSION in the hemisphere has put a strain on United States-Canadian relations too. It is human to be inconsistent. One may want something badly enough to be unable to resist buying it, yet one may still resent the inevitable price. Canada has wanted so badly to develop her huge latent resources that she has borrowed United States capital on a massive scale. Nothing else could have done the job quickly enough to satisfy Canadian impatience. But the Canadians are sore at finding themselves, in consequence, under the United States' economic domination. Politically and militarily, Canada and the United States have never before been so conscious of their community of interest as they are today. The progress of aviation, and the aeroplane's conquest of the North Pole, have brought this home to the two countries, and they have reacted rationally by entering into an intimate association with each other for their joint security. It looks like a paradox that, nevertheless, Canadian feelings towards the United States should now be perceptibly less friendly than they used to be. This unfortunate change of feeling is explained by the contemporary change in United States-Canadian economic relations.

Yet another change in the international situation is the expansion of the range of the United States' political, ideological, and strategic interests since the Second World War. In all these fields, her interests have now become global. This is indeed a revolution in the foreign policy of the United States. In 1939, when Congress was reacting to the threat of a new war in Europe by enacting the neutrality legislation, it would have seemed like lunacy if anyone had predicted that, within less than a quarter of a century, the United States would be waging a war, not in Europe, but on the opposite side of the globe — and this in ex-colonial territory which the former European holders of it had evacuated. When Pearl Harbor, followed by Hitler's declaration of war, made the United States a belligerent by Japan's and Germany's act, the United States' sortie beyond the Atlantic bounds of the hemisphere was limited in its range at first. Till the end of the Second World War, the United States confined her military operations to Western Europe and to the Western Mediterranean. She refused to extend these to the Levant. Her big plunges were not made till after the Second World War was over. President Truman committed the United States to global intervention when he proclaimed the 'Truman Doctrine' on behalf of Turkey and Greece, and when he took up the challenge of the North Koreans' invasion of South Korea.

THE 'TRUMAN DOCTRINE' WAS A particularly momentous revolution in United States foreign policy because it voided the Monroe Doctrine. This may look like a startling statement, but it is surely the truth. It becomes evident as soon as one looks at the Monroe Doctrine as a whole. In the Monroe Doctrine, the self-assertive clause was deliberately balanced, to make it palatable to European powers, by a self-denying clause. The United States was asserting her intention to keep the European powers out of the hemisphere, but this assertion, which might have seemed provocative in and by itself, was accompanied by a declaration that the United States, for her part, was not going to meddle in the affairs of the Old World. Here the United States was acting on the principle of 'Do as you would be done by.' She wanted the European powers to keep their hands off the hemisphere; therefore she would undertake, on her own initiative, to keep her own hands off the Old

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World. These two parts of the Monroe Doctrine are indissoluble; they stand or fall together.

The United States' undertaking, in the Monroe Doctrine, not to intervene politically or militarily in the Old World was not violated by her belligerency in the two World Wars because, in both these wars, she was defending herself against attacks upon her by Old World powers. In the first war her merchant shipping was attacked; in the second war, her navy was attacked. The first act of hers that was irreconcilable with the self-denying clause of the Monroe Doctrine was President Truman's declaration of a United States protectorate over Turkey and Greece, and this declaration, in voiding one clause of the Monroe Doctrine, voided the whole of it. President Truman had now served notice on the world that the United States' field of political and military interest and action was no longer going to be hemispherical but would be global henceforward. On the principle of 'Do as you would be done by,' the United States was hereby admitting the right for Old World powers to 'go global' too. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The Monroe Doctrine can no longer be invoked by the United States against Russia's 'presence' in Cuba. It is now open to Russia to turn the tables on the United States. 'If you want me to get out of Cuba, you will, on your side, have to get out of Turkey and Greece.'

Yes, but does this make the United States' special position in the hemisphere untenable? It makes it illogical, no doubt, and also difficult to justify morally perhaps. But does not the United States' preponderance of power enable her to insist on retaining her special position in the hemisphere while refusing to allow a corresponding position to Russia in the Near and Middle East and to China in Eastern Asia? If the United States continues to warn off other powers from the hemisphere, that, in her eyes, is legitimate self-defence; if other powers were to warn the United States off from their own yards, that, in the United States' eyes, would be aggression. Is not the United States strong enough to claim a uniquely privileged position for herself, and to make this claim good, even if it does put all other powers in a position of inferiority to her?

THE ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION depends on what one estimates the limits of the United States' power to be. Every power does have limits. Even the greatest power on earth is no more than human. My own guess is that, sooner or later, the United States will have to recognize that Russia and China are her equals, and if and when that day comes, she will have to take her choice. If she wants, above all, to remain a global power herself, she will have to acquiesce to China and Russia being global too, and that will mean her abandoning her historic claim to enjoy a special position in the hemisphere. If, on the other hand, she wants, above all, to retain this special position of hers in the hemisphere, she will have to recognize that China and Russia have their equivalents, and that will mean her evacuating Greece, Turkey, South Vietnam, Taiwan, and South Korea. The United States has not yet arrived at this stumbling-block, but would she not be wise to make up her mind in advance which line she is going to take when she does arrive there? Stumbling-blocks cannot be got over. They have to be by-passed, and the only choice open is between the two alternative ways round the stumbling-block. One has to take one or the other.

The last of the changes in the international situation that have to be considered is an internal change in Latin America itself. Latin America is like a volcano. Under the Spanish regime it was quiescent. Since independence, it has been rumbling and spitting fire. Today it looks as if it were on the eve of an almighty eruption. The explosive forces in present-day Latin America are numerous, and their combined effect seems likely to be shattering. One of these forces is the present rate of growth of the population; the rate is even higher in Latin America than it is in Asia. A second explosive force in Latin America is the extreme inequality — and inequity (one might well say, iniquity) of the present distribution of wealth and of the political power by which the privileged minority's inordinate wealth is guarded. The situation is bad enough in a poverty-stricken region like the northeastern hump of Brazil. It is still more explosive in a country that, like Venezuela, is crammed with natural wealth. When a country has become rich while the majority of the inhabitants remain poor, it needs no Communist subversion from outside to make the majority revolutionary-minded. This was the situation in Cuba, too, before the Battista regime there was overthrown by Premier Castro. The summit of a volcano is a special position, but is it a tenable one?

Ten years ago, a train on which I was travelling along the Southern Railway of Peru made a brief halt on the summit of the watershed between the basin of Lake Titicaca and the Atlantic slope. A representative of the railroad company drew my attention to a baby volcano — lower, so far, than a man's height — that was sprouting by the side of the rails. "That little fellow is going to give the company a lot of trouble before long," the official said. He was putting, in his own language, my appreciation of the United States' position in the hemisphere today.

Arnold Toynbee, *renowned philosopher-historian, is a retired Stevenson Professor and member of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, London.*

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"That little fellow is going to give the company a lot of trouble before long..."

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[SHAME OF THE CITIES]

Death in Kentucky

being a Melodrama in three acts

by

David Welsh

Photographs by Danny Lyon

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[Dramatis Personae]

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Slaughter on [illegible]

SCENE ONE

[where the land is Laid Waste by the Strip Mines and the Little People are chased from their Modest Homes]

THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE along Clear Creek, Knott County, piled into their old cars and pickups and drove to Hazard in the next county one muggy evening last June. They were going there to "get organized," as one man put it, and their talk was full of extravagant threats, complaints and morbid aphorisms. They were schoolteachers, stonecutters, ex-miners, carpenters, small farmers, storekeepers — poor, but better off than most of the mountain people, who have no means of livelihood but public charity.

Something else distinguished the 150 men and women who gathered that night at the meeting hall of the Pet Milk Co. in Hazard: they owned their own land, and had deeds to prove it. Yet there seemed to be nothing they could do to stop a strip mining company from tearing up their land beyond reclamation, except perhaps, to get organized. One after another they stood up and aired their personal grievances against "the company." There was Herman Ritchie, who used to live on Rattlesnake Branch, Clear Creek—until the bulldozers began shaving off the mountain top to get at the coal:

"My wife was in there with the kids when the rocks began to roll. She got out fast and went to the neighbors. Then the landslide started and the dirt and boulders came down on the house. After that some uprooted trees fell down and knocked in the roof." Ritchie said he applied to the company for compensation but was told there would be none for the present. His in-laws, who own the land, still pay the surface taxes. His furniture is trapped inside the house; neighbors insist that dogs slip in there at night and sleep in the beds.

Burley Combs Jr. went away to work at a foundry in Indiana, but he came back home, like a lot of others and tried to scratch out a living in the hills. He owns a piece of land and an unpainted log house, vacant now. Two days before the meeting, a stump rolled down the mountain and struck the house. Combs and family moved out. The only sign of life there now is a handful of scrawny chickens, pecking diffidently in the coal dust. Like the others, Burley Combs must continue to pay taxes on his land, and if he has any recourse against the company, he doesn't know what it is.

But if the coal operator, as the immediate, visible enemy, bears the brunt of their anger, they are also aware of his distant and powerful allies; even—one hesitates to say it—His Beneficence, the Federal Government.

"All this coal they're mining, do you know where it is going? To TVA, that's where it's going." It was the next day, and over the noise of a wheezing bulldozer, Andy Tomlin was talking. "TVA money is being used to tear up these hills, and they talk about reforestation. I ask you, how can you reforest that?"

He pointed to a hillside stripped of vegetation, the rocky soil freshly turned and ready to roll at the slightest provocation, uprooted trees stuck like darts at right angles to the mountain. One look at that grotesque relic of a mountain and one could only nod in agreement. How can you reforest that, indeed.

"And the TVA is just as responsible as anyone," he added. "I call this political death, hell and destruction on these hill people."

"It seems like they don't have any pity's sake on anybody," said an old man, leaning on his walking stick. "I don't know, but it all points on that. It seems like all we own here is the air we breathe."

A small group of Clear Creek people stood on the access road and talked, to no one in particular, their gaze magnetized by the bulldozers working at the hilltop.

"We love these hills. We grew up here. We don't want to be pushed out of here. This is our surroundings, our living area."

"The company cut an access road right through our cemetery. They've got no respect for the dead, let alone the living."

"Our officials, you can hear them hollering, 'Let's beautify these hills.' They give you a $300 fine for throwing a paper on the highway, and then they let them strip and strip and strip."

"The sheriff and his gang, and the state people up at Frankfort: they're all in with them. One of those overloaded coal trucks caved in a county bridge a few months ago and the company didn't have to pay a cent for it."

"They keep pushing dirt down . . . ain't nowhere it can go except in the hollows and valleys. And just wait till the rains come next spring."

Or Venyard Breeding: "They think they have a right to come in and move your house, do anything they want to. They stick up signs, 'Private Property—No Trespassing,' like they own the place. You can't even walk on your own land, and the state police are out there to make sure you don't."

Or the youngest member of the group, between his teeth: "I wonder if someone shouldn't turn a good rifle loose on them." Then he let out a good laugh, the passivity of his situation momentarily exorcised by the violent thought.

This, certainly, is not a comedy of manners of America in the mid-20th century. It is an old Western, one would think, perhaps a pre-war soap opera, or a melodrama of the 1890's. A big corporation, with a government contract, with friends in the Statehouse and friends in court, vs. the "little people," with access to none of the levers of power. Only it is not the nice, nonviolent kind of political

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struggle most Americans are familiar with. In our Appalachian colony, where power is used in its most naked form, people get killed playing politics every year.

Scene Two

[where the Mellons and other Prominent Magnates count their Gold, thanking the Good Lord for the Boundless Charity of the President-of-All-the-People]

IT ALL STARTED around the turn of the century, when speculators from New York began buying up mineral rights in the Appalachian hills for 25 and 50 cents an acre. Deeds to the land gave them the right, with stipulations, to extract all minerals below the ground. These "land companies," as they were called, would in turn lease portions of a coal seam to the operators, receiving a royalty on each ton of coal mined. Today their holdings in the area are worth an estimated $7,200 an acre in coal royalties alone. One land company, the Virginia Iron & Coal Co., with offices in Philadelphia and extensive holdings in the Appalachian coalfields, is the most profitable large corporation in the United States according to Dun's Review of Modern Industry (April 1965). Its net profit is 61 cents on the dollar, compared with 10 cents for General Motors.

Land companies, which because of depletion allowances, operate virtually tax-free (they are taxed at roughly the same rate as an auto worker), have built up reservoirs of capital enabling them to acquire huge interests in industry, railroads and power companies. Pittsburgh-Consolidation Coal Corp., the nation's largest bituminous coal producer and a land company in its own right, recently became a major stockholder in both Chrysler and U.S. Steel. Controlled by the Mellon family of Pittsburgh, through the Mellon National Bank and Trust, it also acquired more than 100,000 shares of American Electric Power, a holding company for six Appalachian utilities. The president of American Electric is Donald Cook, a close friend of President Johnson. Through Pittsburgh-Consolidation, the Mellons are major stockholders in the merged Norfolk & Western—Virginian railways, which recently carried 76 per cent of total domestic bituminous coal shipped from the mines. Moreover, they benefit from a tax break tantamount to a government subsidy.

Coal, rails, utilities—the biggest defenders of the status quo in Appalachia, and those incorrigible Mellons, have their fingers in them all. But the Mellons are not the whole story. Within 50 miles of Clear Creek are holdings of U.S. Steel, Midland Steel, Bethlehem Steel, International Harvester, Virginia Iron & Coal: some of the most prosperous companies and some of the poorest people, statistically, in the nation.

Most residents of Clear Creek own strips of land running from their houses in the valley to the hill crest. But the coal beneath is owned by the Kentucky River Coal Co., a land company that recently declared dividends of 45 cents on each dollar of sales volume (Dun's Review). It leases the coal rights to Kentucky Oak Mining Co., a nonunion strip and auger operation and the creation of the biggest operators in the Hazard coalfield, William B. Sturgill and Dick Kelly.

In strip mining, bulldozers literally lop off the top of a mountain, trees and all, to get at the coal seam. Machines then strip off the coal and load it into trucks. In auger mining, a huge drill, or auger, bores into the side of a seam and sends the coal shooting back out for loading. Stripping and augering are much cheaper ways of extracting coal than deep mining, and a sharp drop in the price of coal in recent years did much to encourage their spread. The work is almost invariably nonunion, paying $1.25 an hour or less. Markets, too, have stimulated company growth: Detroit Edison, Consumers Power and other utilities in Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois are the Hazard strippers' best customers.

But much of their coal goes South, where the Tennessee Valley Authority is in continual quest of cheaper sources of power. When the Sturgill-Kelly combine puts to work its $1 million worth of equipment to despoil the mountain, poison the stream and throw a family out of its meager cabin, it is to fulfill a more than $50 million coal contract with TVA. The price per ton paid by TVA is so low that in general, only a strip or auger mine (and a scab one at that) could fulfill the contract and still make the healthy profit to which the operators are accustomed. The Tennessee Valley, once itself an exploited region, has indeed joined Detroit, Cincinnati and Cleveland in the ranks of the exploiters. With their ready supply of cheap electric power, the prosperous cities of the Tennessee Valley grow even more prosperous while the Kentucky mountain poor get poorer. One can hardly escape the conclusion that TVA, that great government agency, has become an accomplice in the destruction of eastern Kentucky.

Scene Three

[where we learn of a Noble Project to reclaim the land Laid Waste by the Strip Mines]

WILLIAM CAPERTON, a husky man in his 30's, runs the Caperton Coal Co., one of the small "dummy" operations set up by the parent company, Kentucky Oak Mining, to avoid paying union wages to the miners.

"How would you like to see our land reclamation project?" he asked, and led us cheerfully to the site, as MacIntosh, taking no pains to conceal his bitterness, grumbled.

"For every acre we tear up, there's $100 bond we put up with the state for land reclaiming," said Caperton.

"$100! Are you kidding?" It was Donald MacIntosh, a gaunt Clear Creek resident. "After what you've done to this mountain you couldn't reclaim ten square feet for that price."

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"My friend, you know that's not true. Now just look at these apple trees we've planted. They didn't cost $100, and once they take hold, this part of the mountain will be as good as new."

He pointed to a row of twelve seedlings, already wilting, twelve spindly signs of life on a wasteland of red dirt, and here and there a sprig of new grass.

MacIntosh: "What about that sawdust you've put around your apple trees? You threw all the good topsoil and trees on top of our houses and now nothing grows up here, isn't that right? So you put sawdust around the trees and you still can't make them grow."

Caperton: "Well now, as to that sawdust, I'm not sure but what some truck driver didn't dump it here by mistake. And you see those young apple trees, they're doing all right. And we have been planting elderberry bushes..."

MacIntosh: "I'd like to know how a man can pick apples from a landslide."

Caperton: "We are seeding whole areas with fescue and lespedeza. Those are special varieties of grass. In five years time we hope to have it all grassed in. We seeded this area two years ago."

MacIntosh: "You need a magnifying glass to find a blade of grass around here."

Caperton: "Why, just last year the governor himself was up here, and they had a big ceremony, planting pine trees and all. I think it was during Conservation Week."

MacIntosh: "You know damn well those pine trees the governor planted didn't live over a week. It's like trying to put makeup on a cadaver and making believe it's alive."

Caperton: "Come on now, you know they lived longer than that. The thing is, they used the wrong fertilizer . . ."

MacIntosh: "Look at that pool, that red, old, acid mine water. That's what's killed every fish and tadpole on Clear Creek."

Caperton: "There's minnows in that pool."

MacIntosh: "How'd they get there: fall from the sky? Swim upstream? Or did somebody bring them in here yesterday?"

Caperton: "Well now, I was told there was minnows in there. But they might have been talking about some other place . . ."

Scene Four

[*where Deeds mean more than Words*]

In Hindman, the Knott County seat, a group of 19 Clear Creek homeowners trooped up to the mine site with the intention of stopping the work there, if necessary by force. State policemen with shotguns headed them off. Almost immediately, Kentucky Oak Mining sought, and got, an injunction against them. The Knott County Circuit Court issued an order enjoining the 19 from interfering with operations at the strip mine. State police and sheriff's men doubled their guard at the mine.

County Judge Morgan Slone, who was not involved in the incident, says the original deeds signed by Clear Creek residents authorized deep mining of the coal beneath their land, and deep mining only. Slone contends the deeds were altered, in the Knott County Courthouse, to authorize the companies to surface mine as well.

"The companies come in to Hindman from all over this country and get things fixed up the way they want it," he said. "Suddenly they are waving a new deed, and you don't know where they got it from. The companies claim they have on record the right to strip and auger. I don't think they have any right to change the deed from the way it was originally signed. But they just go ahead and run over the people. This day and time, a poor man's just like a frog down a forty-foot well and no way to get out."

Scene Five

[*where a Humble Mountain Man speaks with the President-of-All-the-People*]

Dan Gibson is a man everyone around here looks up to, a kind of elder statesman of the people. White-haired, with the face of a college professor and two fingers missing from a mining accident, he is not about to take anything lying down.

"In 1960," he recalls, "the coal company was bulldozing on Frank Fugate's property, and ten of us went and put them out. They tried to come on these children's land and we were standing back of the fence. I had a shotgun and I told them bulldozer operators, 'You break that fence and you'll get what's in it.' We run them out, all right, and they got a warrant and arrested Frank Fugate. Then the company sued Frank in Circuit Court at Hindman and got a judgment for the company. Well you know, that always happens. But Frank took it to Federal Court, and he won. That's unusual. But the main thing is, they don't mess with Frank any more because he went to the clerk and got a copy of his deed, which says he deeded them mineral rights for deep mining only. The rest of our deeds is tampered with to suit the coal operators."

But if the Clear Creek landowners made sporadic attempts to stop the strippers, as a group they remained inchoate. Not until last April did they begin really to organize. They had gathered to draw up a "community action program," in the hope of obtaining a federal anti-poverty grant for recreation facilities, when it occurred to them: how can we sit here and talk about recreation when they are tearing up our land? Curious, but in an indirect way a federal program had given birth to the first serious movement to halt the strip mining on Clear Creek.

The mere fact of organization widens people's horizons Matt Holiday even thought to call President Johnson: "Why can't I speak to the President? I help to pay his salary." State Representative Carl Perkins set it up for him

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and before he knew it, Holiday was on the line to LBJ.

"He said, 'This is the President, what can I do for you?' I told him how the strip mines were ruining our land. He said, 'I am with you, friend, but I am going to put you onto someone who can do you a lot more good than I can,' and the next thing I knew I was talking with Udall, the Secretary of the Interior. He said we may have to fight it all the way to the Supreme Court, but if the companies are destroying property then they'll have to pay for it."

The people here have little faith in courts which habitually decide in the company's favor, and few have the money to appeal. Nor are they impressed with schemes of compensation for damages. In the past, any compensation has been too little and too late to save the land and has provided no guarantees against future abuses. Recently a coal company was found guilty of polluting a stream and fined $800. The next day "that red, old, acid mine water" was pouring into the stream the same as ever. The mountain people will believe in Washington's good intentions the day the Federal Government says 'no' to the pressure groups, the day Washington curbs the power of the coal companies, and their allies, to buy the legislatures, buy the courts, buy the freedom to do exactly as they please.

Act Two
State of the Union

Scene One

[*where the Little People live on the Charity of the President-of-All-the-People*]

"LOOK AT THE MUSKRAT," hooted the driver, peering from his coal truck at the man cleaning paper and debris from a creek bed.

The man straightened up and shook his fist. "I'd sooner be a muskrat than a damn scab."

The "muskrat" was beautifying the countryside for $1.25 an hour under the federal-state "Jobless Fathers" program. He collects $175 a month and puts in 140 hours work for it. The "scab" was trucking coal from a nonunion mine for the same hourly wage. Both are noteworthy in that they have jobs at all in this area of southeastern Kentucky where the official unemployment figure is more than 10 per cent and unofficial estimates go as high as 50 per cent. Their shouting-match is symptomatic of the diseases of their part of the country, and of the conflicts that divide the impoverished and enable a privileged few to prosper.

Estill Amburgey, 40, started work in the pits when he was 11. Today he supports his family of four on $60 worth of federal food stamps a month — one of nearly 2,000 families on the program in a county of 35,000 people. Occasionally he finds an odd job to perform with his truck. He could find work in one of a hundred small truck mines, which, because of their size, are not subject to the federal mine safety code. But he refuses on principle to work for a "scab" operator. And since low-paying, nonunion jobs are about the only ones available and recommended by the State Employment Service, his refusal to accept them costs him unemployment compensation.

He lives in Perry County (Hazard), where only 15 per cent of persons over 25 have finished high school, and where the average adult has left school before the ninth grade. The median family income is $2,600; but if one excluded the incomes of coal operators, officials and businessmen, average family income would be closer to $1,600.

Amburgey belongs to the Appalachian Committee for Full Employment, formed here in January, 1964 to represent the interests of the unemployed. Its members are ex-miners in an area where coal is the only industry and, for most of them, their sole source of income is either food stamps or a government check—retirement or disability, unemployment, "Aid to Families with Dependent Children" or "Jobless Fathers." A few have miners' pensions.

"The dole is a way of life around here," says Everette Tharp, secretary of the Committee. "The politicians put us on the dole to avoid interfering with the corporate monopolies that are responsible for the pitiful condition of our people."

Not all the needy benefit from the largesse of our government. Tharp charges that federal and state welfare programs are used politically to reward "friends" of the coal companies and punish their enemies. "Workers in the scab mines have an easier time getting food stamps," he contends. "It's a kind of subsidy to keep them satisfied with low wages and no benefits. The Federal Government really thinks their money is helping the poor, the sick and disabled, and all the time their agents are denying these benefits to people in need. In any case the red tape is so thick many people give up."

Amburgey says they have threatened to cut off his food stamps if he fails to furnish proof of having applied for at least three (nonunion) jobs each week, "willingness to work" being one requirement for obtaining stamps in Kentucky. From the living room of their ramshackle house in the hollows near Kodak, his wife, Eunice, vows: "They can take our food stamps. They can take our furniture and all we have. We've still got our pride."

But this kind of defiance of the welfare bureaucracy is not usual. Thomas E. Gish, editor of the muckraking Mountain Eagle in nearby Whitesburg, says the typical welfare recipient here is "a political slave who knows his welfare payments can be withdrawn tomorrow if he steps

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out of line. This is the simple fact of life that has destroyed pride in the mountains, not because of welfare payments, but because of the price exacted to qualify for them—one's traditional independence and freedom."

Scene Two

[where the Forces-of-Law-and-Order preserve the Values-of-Our-Civilization from the Forces-of-Anarchy]

It was against this background of desperation that the Appalachian Committee was born, out of the remnants of the Roving Picket movement that ran its own stormy gamut in the last months of 1962. Berman Gibson, the Committee's founder and president, had emerged as leader of the Roving Pickets, a miners' group formed more or less spontaneously to protest low pay and dangerous working conditions in the nonunion mines.

Mine after mine had terminated contracts with the United Mine Workers of America (UMW) in preceding years, and many men had settled for less than union scale. Then in September 1962, the union withdrew the miners' welfare cards, entitling them to free medical care at miners' hospitals because coal operators were no longer contributing into the UMW welfare fund. It was the last straw.

Several thousand men converged on nonunion mining sites and coal tipples in seven counties. They picketed. They threatened. They threw rocks. The opposition—hirelings of the coal operators and "the law" itself—fought back. Beatings and shootings were attributed to both sides. A Hazard police lieutenant, Ira Kilburn, testified in court that the dynamiting of a rail tipple, blamed on the Roving Pickets, was in fact the work of other policemen in civilian clothes. Kilburn is no longer on the force.

The Roving Pickets, in the tradition of Kentucky mountaineers when their rights are threatened, were not exactly angels. But to them, it seemed the enemy had all the weapons, including the full force of the law. Gibson and seven other picket leaders were arrested in 1963 by FBI agents and state police and charged with conspiracy to blow up a rail bridge the previous year. Charges against Gibson were dismissed for lack of evidence. But four of his co-defendants were found guilty, on the basis of jailhouse confessions they later repudiated, and sentenced to six-year terms, pending appeal. Berman Gibson called it a frame-up.

On Election Day, 1963, Gibson was arrested again, along with six others, on a charge of assault with intent to kill. The arrests came as they were driving men to the polls to help reelect a circuit judge they considered fair. The judge lost, by 300 votes, to a man who has since handed down a nearly unbroken string of anti-labor decisions. The accused miners were later acquitted. Everette Tharp, a retired miner who once took a correspondence course in law and serves as the movement's intellectual and theorist, put it succinctly: "After the Election Day arrests, for a crime that allegedly took place over a year previous, we figured we were dead right: this was a political conspiracy to get rid of the movement."

Meanwhile, state mediation between the pickets and the Mine Operators' Association had resulted in an agreement to reestablish union pay and conditions in the mines, in return for a halt to picketing. Of the picket leaders, only Berman Gibson noticed there was no enforcement clause and refused to sign. The agreement has yet to be enforced. The UMW, which lost some 75 per cent of its members in the area since 1952 and all its members in Perry County, was weaker than ever, and the Roving Picket movement was dead. About half the pickets went back to the pits.

In picking up the pieces, Tharp and Gibson decided to change tack, and transform what had been an industrial movement with industrial demands—union scale wages, safety rules, clean towels in the washroom—into a political movement, with political demands. They saw their constituency no longer as one of underpaid industrial workers, but of unemployed men, and felt their duty was to demand that federal and state governments provide jobs and more relief for the unemployed. They further called on the UMW to join and lead them in pressing their demands.

In January 1964, a delegation of 27 miners went to Washington and talked things over with Interior Secretary Udall and George Reedy, later the President's press secretary. Reedy told them their demands would carry more weight if they represented a formal organization. The miners thought it over and shortly afterward, established the Appalachian Committee.

Instrumental in setting up the new organization was the Committee for Miners, a group formed in New York in July 1963 to provide legal defense for Gibson and the Roving Pickets. It soon had two full-time organizers in Hazard and an office in New York. The Committee for Miners' man in Hazard was Hamish Sinclair, 33, a former radio reporter who became concerned with the miners' plight after hearing a speech by Gibson in New York. Scottish-born, he has a simple explanation for his interest in the movement: "I'm from a working-class family and a trade-unionist from birth."

Sinclair was to be a formative influence in the growth of the Appalachian Committee, and among Hazard townspeople, a controversial figure. For Main Street, the quiet, conservatively-dressed Sinclair was a "wild-eyed Bolshevik" come to town with his foreign accent and "alien" ideas. His approach was straightforward: "The unemployed miners are literally disenfranchised: their voice isn't heard. Their union used to be their voice. But now it has all but disappeared in the mines here, and only the Appalachian Committee has set out to articulate their demands."

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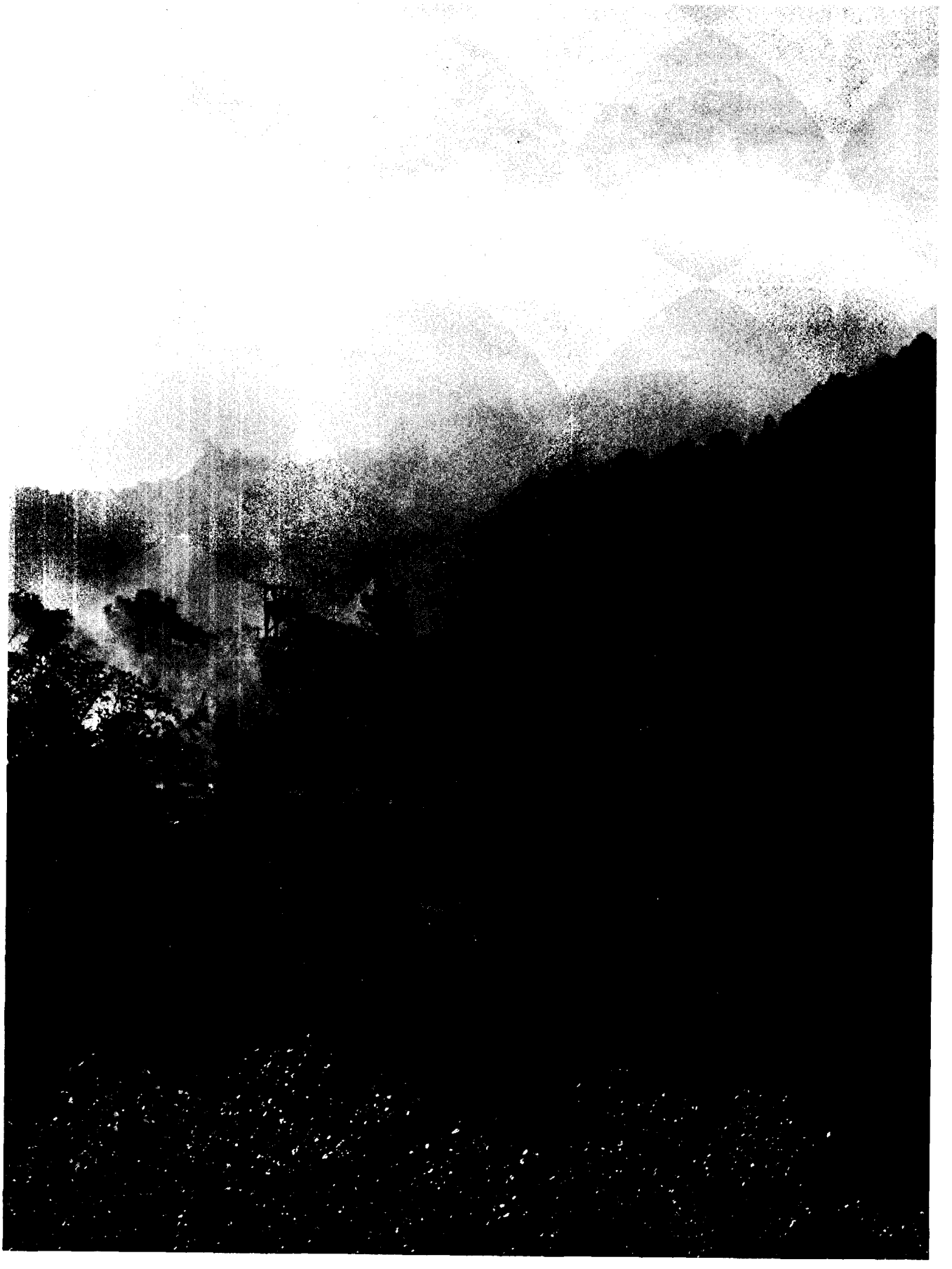

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Scene Three

[where the Little People tell the President-of-All-the-People it is not his Charity that they want]

The status quo is dear to all power structures, but in few places is the attempt to preserve it more blatant than in parts of eastern Kentucky. The practice in some counties of "kept" police and sheriffs departments, "kept" judges, welfare officials and social security doctors is often difficult to prove. But almost every poor person you meet in these parts will tell you about it; their repertoire of corruption stories is as long as you have time to sit and listen. But "corruption" is a vague word; "interest" is perhaps more apt. The high sheriff of Perry County, Charlie Combs, is also a nonunion truck mine operator, who boasted recently of making $60,000 in 60 days, and who spent more than $10,000 of his own money equipping the sheriffs department with marked cars, guns and two-way radios. It is small wonder that the unemployed, thwarted by the authorities in their efforts to organize, see a connection.

During the summer and fall of 1964, as the miners' movement grew in strength, the opposition began to retaliate openly. Two student volunteers said they were ordered by County Judge Babe Noplis to "leave town in 24 hours or the hunting season will be open on you." Welfare recipients accused the judge of threatening to cut off their payments if they associated themselves with the movement. The judge denied the allegations.

An unemployed miner was arrested for littering while passing out copies of Jobs and Justice. Five committee workers were called before the county Grand Jury and questioned about the movement and their political affiliations. George Goss, 22, a student worker, was sentenced to 30 days in jail and fined $300 for "driving without a license." Nightriders fired shots into the home of committee vice-president Jason Combs, narrowly missing him and his wife, and on two occasions fired into the committee's office in Hazard. I. Philip Sipser, a Committee for Miners attorney, charged that the lives of workers were in serious danger, "and the danger emanates from those who are supposed to protect them—the local law enforcement agencies."

Harassment failed to stunt the growth of the Appalachian Committee. If it was still largely an old man's movement—ex-union men conditioned to the idea of organizing to improve specific conditions—it had succeeded in adapting this idea from the working place to the community. For a while the Committee was a real thorn in the side of Hazard officialdom. It held meetings in the hollows to develop local community organizations, and campaigned (successfully) for a raise for the "Jobless Fathers" from $1 to $1.25 an hour. As a direct result of its agitation, the federal school lunch program was extended to some mountain schools that had not previously benefited from it.

If its action was grievance-oriented, it was slowly coming to see the "enemy" as a combination of interests that would remain impregnable without action on a national scale. Hamish Sinclair observes that for the unemployed, the "boss" is no longer a private coal operator but the supervisor in the welfare office. For a while the miners talked of picketing the welfare office if grievances were not resolved. Then came the "war on poverty" and the Committee's first real opportunity to swing political power.

Tharp & Co. drew up a detailed "community action program" and submitted it to the federal Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), which provides grants to self-help organizations in needy communities. Their proposal called for a six-month preliminary program covering four counties at a cost of $346,000. This would pay for the hiring of 20 local residents as community organizers, a 23-man professional planning staff and the establishment of 20 community centers in the creeks and hollows, where the poor could begin, as the federal bill directs, to shape their own programs. The Appalachian Committee proposed to concentrate its long-range effort in five areas: community organizing, technical assistance, education, medical care and "development of jobs and industry, to begin to do away with both the causes and effects of poverty." The old miners, naive enough to take the OEO at its word, had submitted a program with guts in it—serious, in short—and the politicians in Washington must have had a good laugh at such pretensions.

A few months later an OEO man, Ralph Caprio, showed up at the Committee office and explained why its application could not be granted. It seemed that, contrary to the wording of the legislation, an organization composed exclusively of poor people did not qualify for federal funds. Local elected officials and a welfare administrator would have to be represented—"the very same people," said Tharp, "who have thwarted every move for social progress in Perry County." The Appalachian Committee was further disqualified, Caprio said, because it was not legally incorporated prior to the passage of the Economic Opportunity Act in August 1964. The Mountain Eagle shrieked its indignation: "What group of our poor people has been legally incorporated since before August 1964? Why can't Washington understand that our county officials, for the most part, are not going to permit the poor to become powerful enough to have a voice of their own? The war on poverty is supposed to be non-political. Yet the OEO insists that a state welfare official have a say in guiding our community action programs—and there is nothing more political than the welfare office in these counties." Bill Bailey, afflicted with arthritis and silicosis after 35 years in the mines (and typically unable to collect compensation), had limped up and down the hollows getting 100 signatures to back up the Committee's proposal. "You'll see, those Hazard politicians will try to get this money so us people in the hills won't see any of it," said Bailey, a father of

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14. "And they'll most likely get it. They always do."

It was not long before the prominent citizens, led by County Judge Noplis, saw the way the wind was blowing and qualified for federal funds. Their modest proposal emphasized "preparatory studies," and promised to include people from "all walks of life" on their advisory board. Hamish Sinclair thinks it is no accident that the courthouse gang's anti-poverty unit got the nod from Washington. He feels the national Democratic Party wants the Democratic governments of Kentucky and Perry County to sponsor OEO programs "to enhance the Party's reputation as the number one 'poverty warrior' and keep this thing from getting out of their control."

The old miners, who started it all, got neither the grant nor the credit, but they had established themselves as a potent political force. The proof came when the boys uptown invited the Committee's representative to sit on the board of the Perry County Development Association, and on the advisory board of the judge's anti-poverty corporation. Not that they approved of the miners' movement any more than in the past; they were merely acknowledging its power. Courtney Wells, a Hazard lawyer and former circuit judge, is one of those rare Main Streeters who does not hold the Appalachian Committee in contempt. "If they have done nothing more," he said, "they have called the attention of the outside world to conditions here. They are more responsible than any other single organization for what help this region is getting and probably will get from Washington."

The Reverend Phil Young, serving in Hazard with the Presbyterian Board of National Missions, sees the Committee's role in power terms: "The powers in this county discovered there are people they can't get to, people who might revolt some day and knock them off the catbird seat, and this scares hell out of them."

Scene Four

[*where there is Violence and Bloodshed, and a Victory for the Forces-of-Law-and-Order*]

TO THE AVERAGE MINER, whose working life is short, free hospital care, retirement benefits and some assurance of safe working conditions are almost more important than the size of his paycheck. If he works nonunion he has no such guarantees. Safety in the nonunion mines is a regional scandal, and whenever there is a new fatality, which is almost every day nationally, the local papers drily include the running totals for the year. Accurate figures are difficult to obtain, however. The Federal Bureau of Mines is prohibited by its code from investigating accidents in small-payroll mines, the most dangerous of them all. One can only surmise what pressure group pushed through that proviso.

It is too easy to blame the miners' plight on the "irresistible forces" unleashed by mechanization. With the exception of a few small operators in genuine financial difficulty, it is a matter of bigger and bigger profits taken literally from the miners' pockets. Into the bargain goes the complicity, cowardice and unconcern of the Federal Government, local officials and the miners' own union. The process is called deunionizing, and the Blue Diamond Coal Co., operator of two deep mines in Perry County, is a master at it.

Blue Diamond Mine No. 2 was the first to go. Late in 1962, the company gave notice to the UMW that it was terminating the contract and the men were told to evacuate their houses in the mining camp and pay up their debts at the commissary. First the Roving Pickets struck. The UMW followed with an official strike, but gave up without a whimper soon afterward. The mine shut down briefly, then reopened with a new crew hired by the Southern Labor Union (SLU).

The SLU is a company union, organized in Birmingham (Ala.), during the '50s as an alternative to the United Steelworkers of America. Old union-busting, head-busting George C. Wallace, afraid the United Steelworkers would integrate the Birmingham locals, helped to set it up. Before long, the SLU had spread to other industries throughout the South, including Kentucky coal. Their method is simple. The SLU hires a crew of men from out-of-state or from historically nonunion counties and delivers them to the company. An election is called, supervised by the National Labor Relations Board, to determine which union will represent the workers at the mine. Since SLU members outnumber those of the UMW, and since the majority owe their jobs to the SLU, the outcome is predetermined.

Blue Diamond No. 2 reincorporated as the Blair Fork Coal Co. and signed a sweetheart contract with the SLU. Daily wages were from $5 to $10 less than the then prevailing UMW scale of $24. Welfare and hospital benefits were pitifully low.

Blue Diamond No. 1 executed a similar maneuver. It terminated its UMW contract, evicted the men from their homes and shut down for six months—long enough for the miners' state unemployment benefits to expire. Last fall it reopened nonunion with a new work force, and before long the UMW had a picket line at No. 1. The potentates of the union, conventioneering in Miami, had just voted to launch a million-dollar organizing drive, and they were anxious to prove their sincerity.

The company, certainly, was preparing for war, and it looked as if the drama of the Roving Pickets was about to be reenacted. Armed company guards went up around the mine, fetching sullen stares from the hundred-odd milling pickets. Trucks were dynamited and cars shot into. State police turned out in force and the "scab" miners continued to pass the picket line. A company official declared: "We are prepared to add to our guard force enough men to station in the hills around our operation, night and day. Anybody who looks like a thief or a dynamiter will get it."

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One coal operator said that if there was a mass movement to unionize the mines the independent coal truckers would be the first to resist. "These men number in the hundreds," he said, "and each one is an individual businessman. He knows the mines must stay open if his business is to survive. A fast trucker can clear $10,000 a year. If mass picketing starts again, you will see two riders in every truck, one driving and the other 'riding shotgun.' They are not about to be stopped and beaten like they were in 1962."

Then, in the winter, a man was killed. A high-powered rifle got him in a truck cab as he was on his way home from his job at Blue Diamond No. 1. Who knows who killed him? There were the usual mutual accusations. Twelve men, including the union local president, were arrested initially and charged with the crime.

They called Earnest Creech a scab for working in that mine. But he was father to nine children, and his wife was expecting another child soon. His death is the tragedy of a working class divided against itself, of Big Money's callous disregard for human life. It is the tragedy of a government that faithfully fulfills its dual promise of more relief for the poor and more profits for the rich.

Earnest Creech died early, like everything else of value in eastern Kentucky. His death brought home to many an awareness of how little has changed for the mountain poor since the Roving Pickets first stormed up to the scab mines three years ago. And few in these mountains really believe there will be any changes for a long time to come. The conditions that breed this desperate kind of political murder don't change overnight. In many ways, the region is still back in the heyday of the labor wars, which raged for 35 years up and down the soft coal country, claiming hundreds of lives—thousands if you count deaths from starvation and bad medical care. Only now they don't die so often; because Appalachia, the "Sick Man of America," is now in the care of a modern social doctor, skilled in the techniques of keeping people barely alive.

Act Three
Princes and Paupers

Scene One

[where the Cruelties of the Industrial Age are killing the Culture of the Little People]

THE RESPECTABLE CITIZENS of Hazard deeply resent the reputation their city has acquired as the hub of a poverty culture. "To read the press you would think everyone in Hazard is a starving illiterate living in a tinroof shack with an outdoor toilet and has to go down to the well to fetch his water. We're pretty tired of hearing about it."

Some Hazard residents are, in fact, well below the poverty line, including a good many of the approximately 900 black people who live here. For a Negro this could be almost any town in the upper South, or at least not very much better or worse. Schools are integrated, and the Negro stars of Hazard's basketball team are local heroes to a population whose number one sportive passion is high school athletics. There are at least three Negro schoolteachers. Most churches are integrated in principle. But otherwise, life for the Hazard black community goes on almost as if the last tempestuous decade had never happened. "We're nice to them," said a white townsman, "and they're nice to us. Race relations couldn't be better. You won't find anybody getting uppity around here." Many Negroes live in small wooden dwellings on a hillside "back of the yards," accessible from Hazard by crossing the river on a swinging footbridge, with a picturesque view of the Louisville and Nashville railway yards below. Biracial barbers are difficult to find. La Citadelle, high on a hilltop on the edge of town, is about the only hostelry that dares not refuse a Negro guest, and except for the Combs Drive-in, no restaurant in town will serve them sitting down. One prominent café-owner has vowed publicly to "kill the next nigger that walks through that door." There are no black officials or law officers, and it is difficult for a Hazard person to recall when there last was a Negro on a jury or a grand jury. Even in the Appalachian Committee which, for many Negroes, was their first active political experience, they were relegated to second-class status.

Mayor Dawahare has done a lot for his town. He is also one of the few city people with an activist kind of concern about the county. He is the first to admit that the real problem does not lie in bustling little Hazard, where practically everyone has work; the problem is in the county, where unemployment, by the mayor's count, runs to 72 per cent. Gurney Norman, writer of fiction and reporter for the twice-weekly Hazard Herald, says most of the townsfolk "live a comfortable, middle-class existence, seemingly unaware of the suffering that goes on a few miles away from them. They don't realize that it is a false economy here in town, based on the people in the county, who are destitute. Hazard is like a fish, and the county like the water. Our prosperity depends on the money spent here by the hill people; it depends, too, on aid from the outside. I'd hate to say how much of our revenue derives from food stamps and government checks."

Hazard has always been a trading town, especially since it is "wet" and mountaineers can have a few while they do their shopping. It used to be that every Saturday was trading day. Now it is only the first Saturday of the month that Main Street is really crowded — the Saturday after the federal checks arrive. On that day the floor of the People's Bank is strewn with hundreds of those little brown envelopes, familiar to anyone who has ever been in the Army or on the dole.

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But one must not hastily conclude that all of Main Street is indifferent to the paupers in the hills. Youth everywhere is a force for social progress, and the Hazard chapter of the Junior Chamber of Commerce is no exception. Concerned, like all Jaycees, that islands of poverty should still exist in our affluent society, those rising young civic leaders organized a Christmas drive and raised $1,000 to buy baskets of food for the poor. The Jaycees sent postcards to families in the mountains, saying they had qualified as poor people and should come to Hazard to pick up their baskets. When the long-awaited distribution day arrived, some 350 families trooped into town from as far away as 30 miles, and lined up silently for the handout. One by one they collected their little Christmas baskets of fruit and tinned food, their faces expressionless, their heads bowed in mute gratitude. And all the while our young princes, the Jaycees—the future judges, merchants and coal operators of Perry County—looked on with paper cups of bourbon in their hands, and giggled.

"The county has the real worthwhile culture here," says Gurney Norman, who was born in these parts. "The city is trying so hard to be like everybody else in America." He points to the unique aspects of mountain life: the bearded chairmaker who spends 100 hours hand-carving a single chair; the country churches, with their emotional prayers and hearty hymn-singing; the mountaineers' songs and stories; their dry, aphoristic sense of humor; even the summer tent-healings, of which the townsfolk are so disdainful. But the country culture is slowly dying out. An industrial complex — coal mining — has been imposed anarchically, on top of this rural setting, leaving a population of urbanized country folk with all the problems of modern adjustment and none of the services or amenities of a city; a people caught between two ways of life, with no more place in the coal mines, the only work they know, and no taste for farming on scraps of land long since rendered useless by coal poisoning and neglect. "Their fathers and grandfathers," says Norman, "worked too hard in the mines to raise gardens."

Scene Two

[*where the President-of-All-the-People has an All-Purpose-Plan to save the Poor and preserve the Profits of his friends the Giant Corporations*]

NOW INTO THIS "VAST WASTELAND" of charity cases marches the federal administrator, spurred on by a burning new idealism, protesting: "Wait, I'm really a good guy. It's not true that I want to put you people on the perpetual dole. Look at my bold new programs to attack the *causes* of poverty. I'm on your side. Vote Democratic."

The bold new programs stem mainly from two pieces of legislation: the $947 million Economic Opportunity ("anti-poverty") Act of 1964 and the $1.1 billion Appalachian Regional Development Act of 1965.

For eastern Kentucky, the Economic Opportunity Act has meant the OEO community action programs (taken over by courthouse gangs and rendered harmless); the Job Corps (the initial quota for Perry and three adjoining counties combined was 14 youths); and an appropriation to continue and expand the unemployed fathers program through 1966. "Jobless fathers" has become the primary source of relief in this area, giving work at an average wage of $1.25 an hour to more than 1,200 men in Perry and Knott Counties. Even if most of them earn considerably less than the $250 a month allowed maximum, the program has unquestionably been a boon. To the grim satisfaction of the Appalachian Committee, it even caused a big walkout from low-paying nonunion mines. But the Hazard Herald, in an editorial last December, saw the program right away for what it was:

"$10 million is a lot of money, and of course we in Kentucky are glad to have it. The only thing wrong with it is that it isn't anti-poverty money at all. It's only more welfare money to perpetuate the poverty-level existence of several families for another year. Apparently Washington thinks the unemployed fathers are learning new trades and skills on the public works crews, acquiring what the bureaucrats call the 'work experience' to make them more employable . . . When a man is 'repairing roads' the government assumes he is learning highway construction. When his crew is 'reclaiming strip-mined areas,' the government assumes someone is teaching him soil and forestry conservation. But the fact is, no job training at all is involved in the unemployed fathers program. . . . All it does is help a man and his family survive temporarily, which is welfare. That's why the new federal appropriation is not going to fight poverty, any more than food stamps do."

"I don't think anti-poverty is for us," said Mayor Dawahare. "It's all cut out for the urban areas. You hear all this ballyhoo about the job program for our youth. I go to Washington to ask for help for our four counties and they tell me, 'There's only 90,000 people in your four counties; if you had 100,000 we could help you.' I told them that in our 90,000 we might have 70,000 on poverty. But it's all geared on population. You hear old Hubert Humphrey saying, 'I am my brother's keeper' and 'You can't put a price on a human life.' But it's all numbers, just a political gimmick to get votes, and the votes are in the bigger cities, not here."

So much for anti-poverty. What about the Appalachian aid bill? This long-awaited legislation was signed into law in the White House flower garden with such elaborate ceremony one would have thought Lyndon Johnson was promulgating the Magna Charta. A dozen grinning governors and perhaps a fifth of Congress stood around performing curious court rituals, until the President coughed and a hush fell over the gathering.

"The dole is dead," proclaimed our leader, and the governors nodded solemnly. "The pork barrel is gone.

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Federal and state, liberal and conservative, Democratic and Republican, Americans of these times are concerned with the outcome of the next generation, not the next election. This legislation marks the end of partisan cynicism toward want and misery." Along with his proven abilities in defending the interests of the big utilities and oil companies over the years, our President is a master at keeping a straight face.

Of the $1.1 billion authorization, $840 million is to be spent over a five-year period to build highways in the 11-state area, with the aim of opening the region to industry and tourism. The remainder, a whopping $230 million split 11 ways over a two-year period, is for hospitals, timber development, "restoration of strip-mined land," vocational education and other projects. The "land reclamation" provision specifies that only public lands shall be reclaimed, whereas most stripped land, in Kentucky at least, is privately owned or "abandoned" and of uncertain ownership. Once again, Lyndon Johnson and his cronies have taken excruciating care not to step on any powerful toes.

Only the road building program is of any consequence. Even there, Kentucky is not expected to get more than 250 miles of major roads, and these will bypass some of her poorest counties. It was calculated that if a billion dollars in highway funds were distributed evenly throughout the 11 states, there would be "enough money to build about half a mile of highway in each county." One of the premises of the Appalachia Act is that capital investment creates jobs in road construction, and that good roads in turn brighten the prospects of bringing tourism and new industry into the region. But Hamish Sinclair feels there will be precious few new jobs available for eastern Kentuckians. Highway contractors, he contends, have made a practice of bringing skilled labor with them from out-of-state. Jobs in the tourist industry are seasonal and low-paying. And how many companies are going to roar down that brand new highway to settle in an area where the schools are bad, the labor force undereducated and skilled only in mining, where the floods come every spring in the eroded, strip mined hills, where there is labor unrest and where it is difficult to find a sizeable piece of level land? Only small industry, most folks agree, could be enticed.

"If we get much new industry out of this, I'll be surprised," says Attorney Caudill. "The people who benefit most from the roadbuilding plan are the absentee landlords who own our coal and limestone, our oil and gas and our timber. Now it will be easier than ever for them to ship our riches off to faraway cities, and not leave behind a cent in local taxes to support our schools. The wealth flows out; the misery accumulates at home. And the politicians in Washington haven't the guts to break the steel grip of these corporations on our territory. The Appalachia Act is a grim hoax."

This billion dollar boondoggle is not only faulty in concept, but in structure as well. The Act creates no federal planning authority like TVA. A regional commission, composed of one federal man and the 11 state governors, must pass on all development plans. This leaves the program in the effective control of statehouses that are dominated, for the most part, by the coal-utilities-railroads coalition. With this kind of control, any serious changes in Appalachia will be purely coincidental, and the dream of Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., the President's Appalachia attaché, to reclaim those "700 miles of sprawling urban slums" will remain a dream indeed.

"It's politics again," said Mayor Dawahare. "All we'll get out of it is maybe a few roads. But we don't need more handouts. We need jobs for people with empty hands, permanent jobs so they can buy food for their children. If Washington wants to do something, why don't they outlaw strip mining and force those ruthless profiteers to make the land as good or better than they found it? How can we develop our enormous tourist potential when the strip mines are despoiling our greatest asset, our mountains?"

"One billion dollars over five years? A billion a year would be more like it," said Gurney Norman. "Washington is spending millions every year on welfare checks. If they only had the foresight to anticipate welfare spending for the next 100 years, they could make this region almost self-sufficient. But they won't do that. The Federal Government is a fantastic contradiction, isn't it?" Washington journalist, I. F. Stone, was explaining that fantastic contradiction when he called the bill "so innocuous that the U.S. Chamber of Commerce did not bother to testify against it." Noting the conspicuous absence of the public utility lobby during the Appalachia Act hearings of the Senate Public Works Committee, Stone added, "Little wonder when the government does their lobbying for them."

The bill was drafted on the basis of a report made in 1964 by the President's Appalachian Regional Commission (PARC), which also set guidelines for future federal aid to the region. Ask Tom Gish what he thinks of the PARC report and he begins to smoulder. Here are some of his criticisms:

It would do nothing to break the pattern of absentee ownership in Appalachia, by firms that take out everything and put nothing back. There is no provision for returning the area to the people who live here.

It proposes nothing to exploit the vast coal reserves, or the area's potential as a producer of cheap electric power.

It proposes no massive housing program. Yet in Letcher County, typically, the Census Bureau reports that 63 per cent of housing is substandard (80 per cent outside incorporated areas).

The Commission, afraid to ask Congress for special aid to education, would instead fritter away more millions on retraining, to treat the effects of an unbelievably bad public school system in eastern Kentucky. Instead of taking the high school graduate with a sixth grade education and trying

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to rehabilitate him, we should put the money where the problem is—in public school classrooms. The present "massive" retraining program in eastern Kentucky involves about 4,000 trainees. Even if retraining were the answer, the need would extend to tens of thousands.

Projects are to be controlled by the governor and his political structure; yet the only successful federal programs here have been handled directly between the local community and the Federal Government.

It is a myth that eastern Kentuckians had a hand in shaping the program through Area Redevelopment Councils. The councils consist of resident representatives of state and federal agencies who went along with the PARC program out of fear of losing their jobs if they disagreed.

Hamish Sinclair questions the sincerity of two of the stated aims of the President's commission: to encourage private enterprise and diversify the area's industry. "There is nothing wrong with private enterprise in eastern Kentucky," he says. "The land companies and coal operators are thriving; so are the power companies and railroads. And there is a traditional alliance between coal operators and utilities to deliberately discourage diversification and keep a ready supply of cheap mine labor at their disposal. The Appalachia Act makes no attempt to undermine that alliance."

Scene Three

[*where the spokesmen of the Little People display their Anger and their Good Ideas*]

HOPELESS? — NOT ENTIRELY. Everette Tharp likes to speak of Appalachia as having a potential "equal to the industrial Ruhr Valley of Germany," a rather sweeping assertion substantiated in part by a recent report of the U.S. Geological Survey that only five per cent of the eastern Kentucky coalfields have been mined. As a retired miner with little to show for his 30 years in the pits but rock dust in his lungs, Tharp asks why our industrial power developed elsewhere, leaving his part of Kentucky a mere raw material producer, a "colony" of the steel and financial interests to the North. He rejects the conclusions of the PARC report that this is a "region apart," because of natural barriers, and therefore permits of a regional solution. Tharp argues that Appalachian coal, a key to Northern industrial growth, has placed the region in the middle of the nation's economy, and that it should not be isolated as a "black sheep." "Automation," he says, "is creating the same unemployment throughout America, and without jobs and a wage structure that will permit the unemployed to consume the goods and services produced by automation, the problems of Appalachia will go unsolved."

Harry Caudill, too, gets angry with people who say Appalachia has nothing to offer the nation. He thinks the Federal Government can save Appalachia—and strengthen the national economy—by setting up an agency patterned after TVA to develop the area's electric power potential and to undertake its social and economic rehabilitation. In 1963, the Eastern Kentucky Redevelopment Administration sent resolutions to this effect to the President's commission. Last year Caudill testified before the public works committees of both houses; only the Senate committee gave any encouragement to the plan. Said Caudill to the lawmakers:

"The Edison Electric Institute has estimated that the colossal sum of $175 billion will have to be invested in new electric power generating facilities in the next 20 years. Steps must be taken to insure that the huge coal resources of Appalachia are utilized in meeting this goal. Dams at strategic locations in the Kentucky highlands could provide storage for cooling water to be used by huge mine-mouth generating plants. Extra-high-voltage transmission lines and the expanding grid system would make it possible to send low-cost power into New England, a region of high power costs . . . The hydro and thermal power potential of eastern Kentucky could be developed for a billion dollars. And this could be made entirely self-liquidating within 35 years. However, such a self-financing corporation should be given a stern mandate to plow back into the impoverished counties in which it would operate a substantial portion of the money from power sales. At least one mill per kilowatt-hour should be added to the price and invested in schools, roads, airports, flood-control, reforestation and reclamation and perhaps the building of entirely new towns. Sustained capital investment over a generation would bring this deprived corner of the American hinterland abreast of the rest of the nation." Caudill feels there is "nothing radical or visionary" about his plan: the mechanics have been tested and proved in the Tennessee Valley. And once Appalachia tapped into the huge electric power market, he says, her sagging coal industry would boom again. Cheap power would attract light manufacturing plants—especially those using wood and coal derivatives—"and begin a cycle of economic diversification."

But the lobbies, quick to detect the smell of public power, snuffed out the proposal long before the Appalachia Act was drafted. Instead, the Act contains a specific prohibition against the use of funds "to finance the generation, transmission or distribution of electric energy"; which was, after all, true to form.

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Ephemera

BOOKS ART CINEMA THEATRE MISCELLANY

Books:

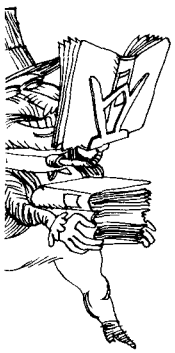
Old Cold Warriors Hot Young Scholars

Reviewed by Carl Marzani

ATOMIC DIPLOMACY *by Gar Alperovitz. New York: Simon & Schuster. 317 pp. $7.50.*

THE FREE WORLD COLOSSUS *by David Horowitz. New York: Hill and Wang. 448 pp. $6.95.*

Carl Marzani, as a young man, fought in the Spanish Civil War with the "Anarchist Brigade." During World War II he was with U. S. Intelligence. Thereafter, he worked for the State Department, spent 32 months in jail "as first victim of Cold War for Communism," was a labor union staff member for three years, and wrote books. His works include the Cold War novel, The Survivor *and a major socio-political study of the origins of the Cold War,* We Can Be Friends. *Mr. Marzani holds degrees in literature, philosophy and economics.*



Today, social action holds center stage: the civil rights struggles in the South, the teach-ins on Vietnam, the anti-poverty organizing in Northern slums, the free-speech fights in the universities. Besides an avalanche of direct action, this ferment has created a substantial body of writings in the social sciences which are re-establishing the continuity with past liberalism and radicalism, a continuity ripped asunder by McCarthyism.

Atomic Diplomacy and *The Free World Colossus* are two such recent works of major importance, written by young scholars in their 20's. Both deal with the origins of the Cold War in 1945, when the authors were eight and six years of age. In contrast to two other writers critical of the Cold War, Professor D. F. Fleming of Vanderbilt University and myself, they were untouched by the passions and commitments of the time; Fleming was about 50 then, I was 33, and we were both connected with the State Department. Fleming's *The Cold War and its Origins* and my book, *We Can Be Friends: the Origins of the Cold War,*

. . . the past is a source of strength . . .

appeared in 1961 and 1952 respectively.

Continuity with the past is a source of strength for the present. The continuity between these three generations of writers is shown in the general agreement of their conclusions, and in the acknowledged influence of the earlier works. Horowitz writes of the "special debt I owe D. F. Fleming," whose book "was indispensable," and he writes of my work as a "provocative book . . . to which the present account is considerably indebted." This, of course, is rewarding and gratifying to two former teachers, one now 70 and the other 53. The point, however, is being made not for self-esteem but to establish the connection between these four books, and to contrast it with the press treatment accorded them.

Abraham Lincoln once said that if we knew where we had been, we could tell where we were going. A study of the origins of the Cold War is essential to its understanding. What happened 20 years ago is the framework of today's headlines; the escalating war in Vietnam has its roots in 1945. American leaders who wish to change our foreign policy need an informed public to support them. If we wish to shape the future, we must understand the past.

. . . the escalating war in Vietnam . . .

The war in Vietnam is forcing a reappraisal of Cold War policies. Many of the foremost professors in international affairs, such as Professor Hans Morgenthau of the University of Chicago, believe the war must be stopped and our foreign policy changed. Many of these professors have staffed some 300 teach-ins on Vietnam across the nation, including one televised in Washington. Leading experts on foreign policy, such as Walter Lippmann and George F. Kennan, are urging a change in our policies. Kennan is particularly significant since, as chief of planning in the State Department in the late '40s, he was the ideologist of the Cold War, formulating the policy of Soviet containment which, under Dulles, repeatedly brought

. . . the war must be stopped . . .

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the world to the brink of thermonuclear destruction. Kennan now freely admits his containment policy was mistaken and is urging an end to the Cold War. Over a dozen leading senators, headed by Morse and Gruening, want the Vietnam escalation stopped and our foreign policy altered. Most important, the influential Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Fulbright, has attacked the myths of the Cold War in many speeches, including one in which he showed the correlation between our Cold War policies and our self-defeating intervention in Santo Domingo.

The experts' concern and their demand for a new deal in foreign policy is spreading to all sections of the population, as American casualties in Vietnam begin to rise steeply. There is also an increasing awareness of the costs of the Cold War, not only abroad, but at home in our depleted society. Despite very high taxes, armaments costs leave little for the pressing problems of urbanized society: shortages of teachers, doctors, policemen, firemen, social workers; shortages of water, schools, housing, hospitals; chaos in transportation; traffic jams; air pollution. With untold wealth, Americans lead harassed lives amidst social squalor.

. . . Americans lead harassed lives . . .

What is true of our country is true a hundredfold for the rest of the world. The Cold War has squandered the world's resources. One single figure sums up the tragic waste: the world has spent, in 20 years, the incredible sum of one trillion, five hundred billions of dollars on armaments — that is one and a half million of millions of dollars ($1,500,000,000,000.-00) — ½ spent by the United States, ¼ by the Soviet Union, and ¼ by other nations. One third of this sum, spent over a 20 year period, would have industrialized *all* the world to the level of France; contained the population explosion by raising living standards; diminished the revolutionary drives by the deprived peoples of the earth.

. . . Who started the Cold War? . . .

Who started the Cold War? The Establishment says the Russians; the dissenters in the four books under review say the Americans. The dissenting view seems absurd in 1965, but it wasn't absurd in 1946. President Roosevelt's son, Elliott, wrote at that time:

> "It was the United States who *first* shook the mailed fist, who *first* abrogated the collective decisions . . . Rather than arbitrating those differences, as Father had always been careful to do, we chose sides; worse than that, we did not simply line up *beside* Britain, we lined up *in back* of her." (Italics in the original.)

More cautious, but equally against the Establishment's view, were the words of Sumner Welles, Roosevelt's Undersecretary of State and perhaps the ablest American diplomat of this century. In 1946 he wrote that, in his opinion, the blame for the Cold War "should be shared by the government of the United States." That this seems startling today is a measure of the success of the Establishment in imposing its official view.

. . . hoodwinked by Stalin . . .

The official version of the Cold War begins with the theory that at Yalta, President Roosevelt was hoodwinked by Stalin into making agreements which Stalin had no intention of keeping. High on the list of agreements was the formation of a coalition Polish government, to be followed by free elections in Poland as well as in other Eastern European countries. The Yalta conference was premised on Roosevelt's belief in post-war friendship and cooperation between the United States, England and the Soviet Union. Mr. Truman later stated that he followed the Roosevelt line, but that the Russians broke their agreements and embarked on a tough policy spurning any understanding with the United States. "I tried for two years," said Mr. Truman, "to reach an understanding," but the Russians rejected the Baruch plan for atomic control, violated their agreement to remove troops from Northern Iran, used their veto to obstruct the work of the UN, and communized Eastern Europe. By 1947, our patience exhausted, the United States began to fight back. Roosevelt's policy of cooperation was discarded as gullible, naive, soft-minded and dangerous.

Moreover, every Soviet counter-move to our moves was presented as evidence of aggressive intent. Beginning with Churchill's Fulton speech, in 1946, the line was laid down that the Soviet Union was out to dominate the world by armed aggression. Russia, said the Establishment, did not demobilize her armies while we did. It was only our atom bombs that prevented the Russians from overrunning Western Europe. If the Russians ever got the bomb, nothing would hold them back. It became respectable to talk of preventive war, and in 1950 Truman's Secretary of the Navy, Matthews, publicly proclaimed a novel theory of pacifism: "instituting a war to compel cooperation for peace . . .

. . . only our atom bombs . . .

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this peace-seeking policy, though it casts us in a role new to a true democracy . . . an initiator of a war of aggression . . . would earn for us a proud and popular title . . . *we would become the first aggressors for peace!*" (Italics added.)

. . . the first aggressors or peace . . .

The dissenters' analysis runs directly counter to that of the Establishment. They point to the confidential reports of all four American ambassadors to postwar Moscow (Mr. Harriman, General Smith, Admiral Kirk and Mr. Kennan) wherein it is emphatically asserted that the Soviet Union had no intention of starting a war. Generals Eisenhower and Clay expressed the same opinion, and so did the master architects of the Cold War, James Forrestal and John Foster Dulles. The dissenters point out that American policy-makers deliberately deceived the American public into believing that Russia wanted war, at the same time they were using atomic diplomacy to bludgeon the Soviet Union. Further, they assert that the record proves it was the United States which first broke a clear Yalta agreement.

. . bludgeon the Soviet Union . . .

Specific quotations supporting these assertions may be found in *We Can Be Friends*. Since the broad lines of its analysis are supported by the other three authors, and since it was the first of the four books to be published, it is convenient to use it to present the dissenters' argument, which, in desperate brevity, runs as follows.

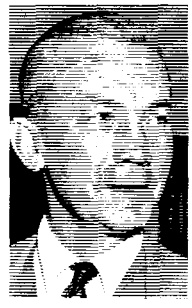
Powerful forces in America who opposed the Soviet Union throughout the war were equally opposed to the Yalta agreement. They were represented by Secretary of the Navy Forrestal in the Cabinet and John Foster Dulles in the Republican Party, with Vandenberg as spokesman in the Senate. While Roosevelt was alive, they could make no headway against his strength and popularity but, with his death, their frustration turned to hope. They had in President Truman a parochial man, uninformed in foreign affairs, with a personal anti-Soviet bias and a great deference for the military.

. . . Truman a parochial man . . .

Writing in 1950, I could show from the diaries of Forrestal, Vandenberg, and others how they prevailed on Truman to adopt a tough policy toward the Soviet Union and to use the so-called Polish question to force a showdown. This question had to do with the formation of a Polish government, to include both the pro-British Poles in London and the pro-Soviet Poles in Lublin. At Yalta the joint declaration stated: "The Provisional government which is now functioning in Poland [the Lublin group] should therefore be reorganized" to include the London Poles. It didn't say who or how many. Admiral Leahy, advising FDR at Yalta, told the President that the language was "so loose it could be interpreted in almost any way that pleased the Russians." Roosevelt agreed, but felt he had gotten enough of a concession since the Russians didn't have to accept any London Poles at all.

. . . any way that pleased the Russians . . .

When Truman decided to make an issue as to how many London Poles would be included, arguing that the Soviets had broken their agreement, Admiral Leahy voiced a strong dissent. He was supported by Secretary of War Stimson, General Marshall, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, Secretary of Commerce Wallace and other Cabinet members. But Truman adopted the Forrestal tough line and took the occasion of a visit by Molotov (on his way to the San Francisco founding conference of the UN) to attack Soviet policy on Poland, using blistering "muleskinner" language that Molotov found very offensive. This meeting was *exactly eight days* after the death of President Roosevelt. It marks the first indication of a major policy change.



A more explicit indication came soon after at the San Francisco conference. Roosevelt had agreed at Yalta that the pro-Nazi Argentine government would not be admitted as a founding member of the United Nations. Mr. Truman proceeded to break this agreement (with the support of the Latin American bloc) and Argentina was admitted over Soviet protests. Former Secretary of State Hull, privy to the agreement, and senior advisor to the American delegation, was furious and said that "irreparable harm had been done!" He warned the Administration that the Soviet Union might well decide not to participate and, in fact, Molotov departed. It seemed as if the UN would abort.

. . . as if the UN would abort . . .

I argued in my book that Molotov's departure shook Truman. The American people were not prepared for the anti-Soviet switch, FDR's cabinet members were ready to speak out, and there were plenty of liberal commentators and columnists who could air the affair. So Truman retreated and sent Hopkins to Moscow to repair the damage. Hopkins accepted the Soviet interpretation of the agreement, a Polish government was formed, the UN was saved. Forrestal and his policies were isolated, but not for long. The success of the atom bomb fed Mr.

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. . . Truman's illusion of omnipotence . . .

Truman's illusion of omnipotence and he embarked on a policy of atomic diplomacy. Contrary to previous agreements, he began to interfere in the internal affairs of the Eastern European countries. The Cold War was soon in full swing.

The atom bomb and atomic diplomacy were at the very core of the Cold War beginnings. As he awaited news of the Alamagordo test, Mr. Truman said to Jonathan Daniels: "If it explodes, as I think it will, I'll certainly have a hammer on those boys [the Russians]." Admiral Leahy stated: "One factor was to change a lot of ideas including my own . . . the atom bomb." I cited evidence to indicate that the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima to forestall Soviet entry in the Japanese war, and quoted the English expert, Nobel prize winner Blackett: "The dropping of the atom bombs was not so much the last military act of the Second World War, as the first major operation of the cold diplomatic war." This is the thesis which Alperovitz, I believe, now proves.

. . . the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima . . .

Secretary of War Stimson tried desperately to get Mr. Truman to realize that there were no atomic secrets, that the Soviet Union would have the bomb in four or five years, and that the security of the United States depended on approaching the Soviet Union directly, sharing atomic information, and working together to prohibit atomic weapons anywhere on earth. He urged his views on the President in a long prophetic memorandum of September 11, 1946. It went unheeded. The Baruch plan, which maintained our monopoly, was exactly the reverse, on every count, of Stimson's suggestions.

Truman accepted the Forrestal view that the Soviet Union couldn't have the atomic bomb for ten or twenty years, and, as he said, these were "our years of opportunity" to deal with the Soviet Union. Possession of the bomb led us to renege on the Potsdam decisions concerning German reparations to the Soviets, and led us to support colonial powers throughout the world. I argued in 1952 that this policy had failed, that the Soviet Union had achieved technological parity, and that the only hope for world peace was co-existence. The title of my book, *We Can Be Friends,* underlined my optimism.

My book was essentially a broad, though documented, essay, rather than a detailed history. Some ten years later, Professor Fleming published his massive work of nearly 1,200 pages in large format, easily ten times the length of my analysis.

. . . the United States began the Cold War . . .

It is a painstaking, detailed, well-organized mass of documentation from which flow inexorably the conclusions that the United States began the Cold War much in the manner I've just outlined. It shows, up to 1960, the United States as being the major culprit in spurring the arms race and maintaining the tensions of the Cold War. Professor Horowitz's book brings the history of the Cold War up to 1965.

Alperovitz's book differs from the other three in that it concentrates on the four-month period from the death of FDR to Hiroshima. It makes full use of hitherto unavailable material such as the Stimson diaries (as distinct from the Stimson-Bundy book, *On Active Service in Peace and War*) and examines all the American evidence in great detail. His findings brilliantly vindicate Fleming and me in one crucial area. Alperovitz finds, and, to my mind, proves, that the atom bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki not to effect Japanese surrender but to intimidate the Soviet Union. Professor Blackett's surmise in 1946, which I've quoted, is shown to be sound. This is indeed atomic diplomacy with a vengeance.

. . . atomic diplomacy . . .

The Alperovitz book has the Establishment reviewers squealing, not only because it shows the barbarism and callousness of Mr. Truman, but because of its importance in determining the origins of the Cold War. The New York Times and the New York Herald Tribune both had page one reviews — by Clinton Anderson in the Times and Michael Amrine in the Tribune. Both attempt to discredit the book by asserting that the only reason the bombs were dropped was to save American lives which would otherwise have been lost in an invasion. Anderson, who was Truman's Secretary of Agriculture at the time, says this is the only reason he ever heard expressed in the Cabinet. That may be, but even Anderson must be aware that other discussions did take place elsewhere. Forrestal records in his diary of July 28, that he discussed this matter with Secretary of State Byrnes, who "said he was most anxious to get the Japanese affair over with before the Russians got in."

. . . to make the Japanese quit . . .

Anderson ends his review by quoting Stimson as saying that a great shock was necessary to make the Japanese quit. It is precisely on this question of "shock" that Alperovitz makes his most brilliant and subtle contribution. He points out that the Japanese were done for and knew it. They were hesitating to surrender chiefly because they wanted to keep the Emperor (a

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condition to which we later agreed). There was also a certain momentum of war which needed a sharp impact to be broken. *But that impact would have been provided by Soviet entry into the war,* scheduled for August 6, the day we dropped the bomb. General Marshall saw this clearly and *said so* on June 18: "The impact of the Russian entry on the already hopeless Japanese may well be the decisive action levering them into capitulation."

. . . before the Russians got in . . .

The Japanese had entertained a forlorn hope that the USSR would stay out of the war and act as mediators to arrange the Japanese surrender. Soviet entry would certainly have forced surrender. But we preferred to use the "shock" of the atom bomb to "get the Japanese affair over with before the Russians got in." It is a simple, sober fact that no invasion was necessary, that there was no military necessity to drop the bomb to effect surrender and that *each of the Joint Chiefs of Staff so advised the President.*

Amrine, the Tribune reviewer and a notorious Cold War Warrior, stoops to falsification to undermine the book. Seizing on the statement about the Joint Chiefs which I have emphasized above as a crucial one to the argument, he says that Alperovitz gives no documentation for that statement. In fact, right after this statement, Alperovitz quotes individually from Generals Marshall and Arnold, and Admirals King and Leahy (who were the Joint Chiefs) and cites the source of their comments. None of these men believed in that first week in August that an invasion would be necessary. Hence the argument of "saving lives" falls to the ground. I don't question Mr. Anderson's sincerity or memory: undoubtedly in the previous three months this question had been uppermost. But by the time the bomb was dropped it no longer had validity, *and the top people knew it.* But clearly they weren't going to put on the record, then or later, the real reasons of "atomic diplomacy" involved in dropping the bomb. Nevertheless, a few slips were made and recorded, such as that of Byrnes recorded by Forrestal. Incidentally, the Forrestal diaries were gutted before they were made available to scholars and editors.

I think Alperovitz's major thesis is unanswerable, and will have a profound effect, first in the academic community and in the long run on our people as a whole. He has one minor thesis with which I partly disagree, and that is his view of Stimson as an early exponent of "atomic diplomacy," only a more subtle one than that of Byrnes or Forrestal. He kept urging Truman to go slow, not because he was for co-existence, says Alperovitz, but because he thought the time wasn't ripe to get tough until *after* the bomb was dropped.

. . . urging Truman to go slow . . .

My view of Stimson is that he was a conservative diplomat quite conscious of power. He knew having the atom bomb would make a difference, and indeed the Russians were more amenable to our wishes after the bomb. But "atomic diplomacy" is really a euphemism for imposing our will on the Russians to the extent of unconditional surrender. Stimson was against this kind of "diplomacy," accurately predicting in his famous memorandum that its result would be to make the Russians tougher, more intransigent, and determined to get the bomb at all costs. While Stimson didn't like the Russians, he was a conservative of great wisdom and long views; witness his conclusion that *no one* should have the bomb, a conclusion he urged on the President on September 11, 1946.

. . . no one should have the bomb . . .

The quotes given by Alperovitz are susceptible of another interpretation, namely that Stimson urged postponement of a showdown until after the bomb was ready, not because he wanted a showdown later but because any delay would undermine Forrestal's policies and provide more time for President Truman to get a better grasp of foreign affairs. During these months Truman did have private meetings with Henry Wallace — what Hannegan called seminars in foreign policy. Stimson and Forrestal were in opposing camps: the first favored the Hopkins' mission, the second didn't. Everyone had a good idea where everyone else stood, including Mr. Truman. When Hopkins went to Moscow, his dispatches were withheld from Forrestal on Truman's orders. Likewise, Truman ordered Hopkins not to see Churchill either before or after Moscow. Churchill and Forrestal were understandably upset: their policy was in jeopardy. A great struggle took place in those days, of which the third party of 1948 was the last massive effort, to determine whether co-existence or Cold War was to prevail. The Cold War line won, but its end may now be in sight.

. . . the Cold War line won . . .

Horowitz's book fits here since it brings the story up to 1965 and gives grounds for optimism. Horowitz only touches briefly on the origins of the Cold War and he follows the analysis of Fleming and me. But

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he makes one basic point with more elegance and passion than either Fleming or I do, namely that the United States in 1945 was the *only* power, both militarily and economically, which had freedom of strategic choice. "Three-quarters of the world's invested capital and two-thirds of its industrial capacity were concentrated in one country, the United States; the rest was shared over the other 95 per cent of the earth's inhabited surface." It was only the United States which had a choice: use this power for reconstruction through the UN, "thus laying the groundwork for a stable world order or . . . use its capacity as an instrument of power politics, that is, establish an American hegemony" over the world. Says Horowitz, by 1946 we decided on the second course when we torpedoed UNRRA.

In this context of our power, Horowitz also destroys the myth that the United States demobilized while the USSR did not. The Soviet Union is a land power while we are primarily a naval and air power. We hardly demobilized our Navy, and we increased our Strategic Air Force. Even so, the Soviet Union cut its forces to 2.9 million while the United States and Britain had 2.3 million. Given the long Soviet frontier, this is not a serious disparity. More important, we had the atomic bomb. In 1945 we stood militarily supreme. At no time since 1945 has there been any serious belief in government circles that the Soviet Union would use armed aggression. Yet a manufactured "fear" was freely broadcast to the people, as Professor Fleming amply documents.

. . . we stood militarily supreme . . .

The value of the Horowitz book is that it presents the whole course of the Cold War from 1945 to 1965 in some 400 pages. It is thus both more complete than Fleming's and more easily digested. Of course, Horowitz depends heavily on Fleming's work. His most important thesis is that American policy is primarily responsible for forcing the Soviet Union to those enormous efforts which today have culminated in the thermonuclear stalemate: each side has enough bombs and enough missiles to destroy the other. We are no longer immune to war on our territory; we are as vulnerable as anyone else. Further, there is general agreement, expressed by Secretary McNamara, that there is technological parity between us and the Soviets. Anything we discover, they probably have also discovered, and vice versa.

. . . we are as vulnerable as anyone else . . .

In 1945, had we pressed for complete atomic disarmament and avoided the arms race, we might well have achieved disarmament. Today, the oceans would still be defensive moats and our territory still safe from any serious invasion. By our attempt to maintain a monopoly of the bomb, we forced the Soviet Union to compete, and they have done so successfully. "Indeed," writes Horowitz, "Molotov in 1956 remarked that no one in the Kremlin ever dreamed, as of 1945-46, that Russia's position could be so strong as it was ten years later."

The Cold War, then, has been an unmitigated disaster for our nation. Its domestic aspect has been one of repression and political persecution of liberals and radicals who dissented from official policy. The FBI became a political police sitting in judgment on political dissent. To conform was to survive, and, paradoxically, this drive affected even the policy makers who had to pay contradictory lip service to the very propaganda they were fostering. Horowitz gives an excellent example in the case of Secretary of State Acheson, whose intellectual powers are well known.

. . . the FBI became a political police . . .

Acheson, in August 1949, issued a White Paper on the Chinese Revolution. In the introduction, he stated that Chiang Kai-shek had been defeated because his government "had lost the confidence of its own troops and its own people." He concluded that "the ominous result of the civil war in China was . . . *the product of internal Chinese forces*." (Italics added.)

Six months later in a major policy speech, Acheson called for an intensification of the arms race, including the building of an H-bomb. To justify this he described the Soviet enemy as cunning and powerful, and to make his point he reversed his previous analysis of the causes of the Chinese Revolution and made Moscow the cause:

> "The Communists [Russian] took over China at a ridiculously small cost. What they did was to invite some Chinese leaders who were dissatisfied with the way things were going in their country to come to Moscow. There they thoroughly indoctrinated them so they returned to China prepared to resort to any means whatsoever to establish Communist control. They were completely subservient to the Moscow regime . . . These agents then mingled among the people and sold them on the personal material advantages of communism . . ."

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. . a crackpot like Robert Welch . . .

This is the kind of analysis one would expect from a crackpot like Robert Welch. Yet this drivel is being offered by a man of high intellect, who only six months before had given a considered, and true analysis of the Revolution as the product of internal forces and the disintegration of the Chiang government. Acheson knew he was distorting reality for the sake of propaganda. He knew that Mao Tse-tung had never been to Moscow in his life, and indeed had been at odds with Stalin on revolutionary strategy. Acheson knew then what the whole world knows today, namely, that Chinese Communists are anything but subservient to Moscow.

This kind of double-talk leads to a dangerous erosion of intellectual values and integrity among the policy makers. Officials end up by believing their own propaganda and take action based on fantasy rather than reality. The most obvious example was the CIA's belief that vast sections of the Cuban people were anti-Castro and that a small invasion force would trigger off an uprising. The result was the resounding fiasco of the Bay of Pigs.

. . . fiasco of the ay of Pigs . . .

In Vietnam, the propaganda that Hanoi is responsible for the Viet Cong in the South, and that without Hanoi's arms and men the guerrilla movement would collapse, leads to a bombing of North Vietnam which escalates the war with little effect on the Viet Cong, who get most of their arms from the American-equipped Saigon forces.

To paraphrase the ancient proverb: Those whom the Gods would destroy they first make blind. Many of the leading Establishment thinkers are aware of the self-deception and self-hypnosis in our foreign policy so that, as Senator Fulbright has said, "When we refuse to believe something because it displeases or frightens us . . . then the gap between fact and perception becomes a chasm, and action becomes irrelevant and irrational." He concludes, "We are clinging to old myths in the face of new realities, and we are seeking to escape the contradictions by narrowing the permissible bounds of public discussion, by relegating an increasing number of ideas and viewpoints to a growing category of 'unthinkable thoughts.' I believe that this tendency can and should be reversed."

The four books under discussion present a whole host of "unthinkable thoughts," which can have a liberating influence on American minds. From college texts to the yellow press, from mystery stories to political speeches, from movies, cartoons, TV and radio programs, the public has been told, pervasively, incessantly: the Russians started the Cold War. The majority of our 200 million citizens believe this official view. No one tells Americans that in the rest of the world, some 2,500 million people, the overwhelming majority, even in non-Socialist countries, believe that it is the United States which seeks to dominate the world.

. . . the Russians started the Cold War . . .

If the contentions of these four books are freely debated, the Cold War will not long survive. For if the Russians are not devils out to dominate the world, if they do not have primary responsibility for the Cold War, then a change in our policies from one of hostile competition to friendly cooperation can bring about a solidly based co-existence of which the United Nations would be the effective instrument. Peace would be, for the first time in 20 years, a reality.

. . . the Times and the Tribune attacked Alperovitz . . .

For the first time in 20 years the "unthinkable thoughts" of the four books are getting a hearing. Sure, the Times and the Tribune attacked Alperovitz, but at least they *did* review him. He is being heard, if not always heeded. Further, there were many fine reviews throughout the country. Life, for example, had a review by atomic scientist Ralph E. Lapp, which praises the book. He writes: "Alperovitz's contention, brilliantly presented, is that the A-bomb hit Hiroshima but the real 'political' target was Moscow . . . *Atomic Diplomacy* makes this case."

Fifteen years ago my book was completely ignored by all reviewers in the Establishment, although it sold over 50,000 copies. Five years ago, Professor Fleming had almost the same treatment. The Nation and the New Republic did review the book but gave it to antagonistic reviewers who dismissed it. The rest of the press ignored it with the curious exception of the Chicago Tribune (November 26, 1961), which said it was "a courageous, provocative and well-documented inquiry into the foremost problem of our time."

Today the younger men are breaking through and I find it pleasantly ironical that Professor Fleming and I, who lived through the origins of the Cold War and knew many of the events firsthand from within the government, would find our way into a broader public through those who were small children at the time.

Ironical, yes, yet strangely moving as well. For in this continuity of three generations of scholars who served the truth to the best of their ability, there stands re-

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vealed the inner fiber of our country. There is another America other than the one represented by napalm bombs in Vietnam, Marines in Santo Domingo, and CIA paymasters in Singapore. In this other America, which these four authors represent, lies the hope of peace in the world.

. . . CIA paymasters in Singapore . . .

We who bore the brunt of McCarthyism can feel well-pleased that our resistance was strong enough to protect the development of scholars such as Alperovitz and Horowitz. It was touch and go for awhile, and we are not fully out of the woods as yet, but, in the long perspective of history, to win by an inch is as good as a mile.

POLITICS AND PINKTOES

by Ralph J. Gleason

WRITERS AND POLITICS, ESSAYS AND CRITICISM *by Conor Cruise O'Brien. New York: Pantheon. 259 pp. $4.95.* PINKTOES *by Chester Himes. New York: Putnam. 256 pp. $5.*

These two books, unlikely as it may seem, are linked together in my view for several reasons. They are both useful, instructive, well-written and entertaining, and deal with the most important problems of our times. It is not accident, I think, that Mr. O'Brien's value is enhanced by writing from Dublin and Africa and London on problems affecting Americans and the rest of the world. And it is again no accident that Mr. Himes writes as an American Negro living in Paris.

Conor Cruise O'Brien is one of the very best writers about books I have ever read. His essays (and even the shortest review is an essay) use all of his classical education, his political experience as a delegate to the United Nations and head of the Katanga mission, and his exceptional mind which is softened by humor and compassion but still remains a diamond-tough instrument with which to dissect problems.

He deals, in this book, with a variety of subjects ranging from Whittaker Chambers, magazines such as the New Yorker, Encounter and the New Statesman, to writers like Baldwin and Michelet and to problems like the United Nations, Katanga, and the American Liberal. The boundaries are unclear since he mixes the subjects all up, but the light he sheds is clear indeed. He has the same pragmatic and illuminating view of politics as Frank R. Kent in his *Great Game of Politics* but with the patina of classical education and magnificent, almost Nabokovian, virtuosity in handling language.

. . . he mixes the subjects all up . . .

It is curious that he deals with both Adlai Stevenson and Albert Schweitzer in realistic (if disparaging) terms and with Camus and Baldwin in the same way. Paradoxes, inconsistencies and illusions are his enemies; a clear logical mind with poetry in it and a sense of proportion with grace and wit are his assets. It makes for a remarkable combination and I have the clear feeling that he is only beginning to be heard. His is the illumined pen which can educate as it dissects and whose every essay is worth reading regardless of the subject. When such a mind puts forth its knowledge and understanding from a perspective that is outside either the American or the Russian, listening and reading are not only an obligation but a pleasure. I have already found this is a book to return to time and again.

. . . his is the illumined pen . . .

Chester Himes, on the other hand, writes sociological essays disguised as fiction, à la Algren, Heller, Baldwin, and Kesey. Himes' book is erroneously advertised as another *Candy* which it is not, though sexy enough to be. *Pinktoes* is really a study in the hierarchy of the professional world of race relations, done in the technique of exaggeration. The characters are generally based upon real persons, and many of the leading figures of the Civil Rights movement, pre-SNCC and CORE, are pitilessly drawn.

But its basic virtue is the manner in which Himes has, in comic terms, expressed the fundamental humanity of the races and the humanity of the reactions of the individuals in this society. The title is merely the name Negroes have for years given to white women. The rest of the book is as frank about what really goes on as the title. The danger is that it is funny, wildly and hilariously funny. Laughing as hard as one does, one may miss the message: we are all, color aside, human and subject to humanity's weaknesses and foibles, and a good cause is no excuse for copping out on a good time.

. . . no excuse for copping out . . .

The opening essay on the racial encounter, done as a parable, is one of the most instructive and useful statements on the problems of black and white in this country. It tells it like it is.

The new generation of SNCC and CORE interracial working groups may find this comment on what went on in the NAACP and The Urban League, with its disguised portraits of Walter White and Horace Cayton and Bucklin Moon and others, frightening. But useful, as well.

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Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff. Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling.

Photo by Philippe Halsman

"We're looking for people who want to write"

If you show aptitude worth developing—12 famous authors stand ready to train you for professional writing success

By Gordon Carroll

If you want to write, my colleagues and I would like to test your writing aptitude. We'll help you find out whether you can be trained to become a successful writer.

We know that many men and women who could become writers – and *should* become writers – never do. Some are uncertain of their talent and have no reliable way of finding out if it's worth developing. Others, who are surer of their ability, simply can't get top-notch professional training without leaving their homes or giving up their jobs.

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Gordon Carroll, Director of the Famous Writers School, of Westport, Connecticut, is former editor of *Reader's Digest, Time, Inc.* and *Coronet*.

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ALICE IN BONDLAND

by Saul Landau

THE LOOKING GLASS WAR *by John Le Carre. New York: Coward McCann. 320 pp. $4.95.*

John Le Carre's spies live in the same world that Alice in Wonderland found when she stepped through the looking glass: everything she knew as commonplace was turned around and she had become a pawn in a gigantic chess game. Backwardsland is the Cold War milieu, where values are reversed and good and evil are words resting upon a grotesque seesaw, mocking each other as they go up and down with the weight of the wind.

It is not only the engaged spies who are drawn into the game, but the innocent citizen, living a simple, uninvolved life. He too becomes pawn in the machinations of super-secret agencies that the Cold War has created for us as "reality."

The poison of James Bond as the modern hero is given a powerful antidote by John Le Carre. His heroes are pathetic, cowardly, inept, poor lovers — they are real. Le Carre's protagonists are even more mundane than Graham Greene's heroes in his entertainments. Unlike Bond, they never sleep with beautiful women and are as ill at ease with weapons of death as Bond would be at Oxford.

. . . each one bungles his mission . . .

There are the three protagonists in *The Looking Glass War*, each pathetic in his own right, but sadly ridiculous when put into the role of international agent. Each one bungles his mission; two die as a result. There is a nearly-retired civil servant, dragged away from his lifelong desk job because there was no one else available. He is murdered after he receives some microfilm.

The second character, a nervous young intellectual unable to cope with his wife, goes to collect the dead agent's body under a shabby pretext, so that everyone is made aware that the super sleuths are pulling a typical cloak and dagger stunt.

The third character is a British Pole who once worked on a mission during World War II and could send messages in Morse code. He is recruited by the gentlemen aristocrats who run the Service by being made to feel inferior; they seduce him with the chance to become really English.

The mission, which entails crossing the East German border, is unclear; but the technicians and the planners get together and rationalize from the flimsiest coincidences that there *must* be something important going on or else the first agent would not have been murdered and MIGs would not have harassed the passenger plane that was illegally photographing East German territory. From this evidence the apparatus goes to work, and although this particular branch of the Secret Service is obsolete and everyone knows it, the men upstairs are persuaded by the sales pitch.

. . . persuaded by the sales pitch . . .

The reader is aware that it is a useless, senseless process. The director of the obsolete intelligence agency is desperately clinging to his post and this could be the mission that proves that his unit is vital to Free World security. But unlike Bond's missions, where the fate of England or the world is at stake, where the weapon being hidden would be a world destroyer, Le Carre's spies risk and lose their lives on trivia, relevant only within the crackpot realist framework of the Cold War — and even then only to the super-sleuths on both sides of the curtain.

Just as in *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, so too in *The Looking Glass War* the highest priority goes to maintaining the prestige of the agency. Not only are unhappy spies killed and manipulated but innocent people are used as pawns in a chess match that no one can win, or even try to win. Spies and non-spies alike are expendable pawns and the game always reaches beyond the scope of the chessboards in the little old buildings that house the secret services: death and destruction; new tensions in the Cold War — these are the results of the "missions."

In *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* a young English woman is shot while unwittingly playing the cops and robbers game — in addition to the agents who regularly bite the dust. That's something the technicians and planners didn't count on, but it's all part of the game. In *The Looking Glass War* an East German border guard is killed by the Pole who murders from fright and awe. The aristocratic leftovers from Kipling have convinced him that he is doing this for the Empire.

. . . clowns do run the Secret Service . . .

The fact that these clowns do run the Secret Service—and their American counterparts possess the same fanaticism without the gentlemen tradition in the Civil Service — is a clue to a larger madness. For it is the policy-makers, elected and appointed, who have established the conditions for the spy mania and its frightening perpetuation.

Le Carre is worried about the effects on human beings of this web that tangles men into war discipline when there is no war, into a state of eternal crisis that does not

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allow for the easing of tensions. The agencies themselves, working for the same government, quarrel and bicker over jurisdiction and cut each other's throats to prove that one is better equipped to handle this kind of security rather than the other kind. There is no wise M, or fearless 007; there are only technicians, planners and cannon fodder.

In the end, one agency discovers that the other had fouled up and causes the mission to be canceled, while the East Germans capture the poor Pole whose message-sending was so slow that they caught him on the second night. It didn't matter because he could not possibly have succeeded in any case since there was nothing to find. It was simply a movement of troops, routine maneuvers.

With the foolishness exposed, the obsolete agency director and his staff of "old pros" continue on their idiotic way as if "you can't win 'em all." The aristocratic chief tells his rival after he apologizes: "We must all get back to London. There's the report . . . troop disposition in Hungary; something new . . ."

. . . play the war rules in this game . . .

"Be a soldier," he advises the young intellectual emasculated by the experience and now mourning the fate of the Pole. "Fortunes of war; keep to the rules! We play the war rules in this game." Then he turns to his gentleman rival. "You must dine with me in London. My club is not your mark . . . but it's quiet there; a good set."

This is Le Carre's world of real spies in a looking glass war where they can see no further than each other, and even then everything is backwards. No naked girls to seduce; only an occasional pimply girl who is lonely and needs any man. There are no exciting chases where the hero escapes. *The Looking Glass War* is about a world where nonsense is sense, where insane assumptions are accepted and logically worked out in policy — and there is no one who seems able to set it right.

LEARN, BABY, LEARN!

This paraphrase of the Watts battle cry is a summons to all men of good will. Despite active involvement in the area, the Jewish community was caught as unprepared as any other for the outbreak. Why? Because there was a lack of information and sense of urgency.

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A photographic interpretation of the Odyssey

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In 110 stunning pictures, Lessing captured the *feeling* of the *Odyssey* much as another photographer, a few years ago, caught on film the *aroma* of a rose. Both required cameras of the greatest sensitivity. Like Chapman, who brought Homer to millions of grateful readers, Lessing has translated the *Odyssey* into yet another language—the language of film. He has achieved a Baedeker of rare beauty—one that takes you through both the soil and the soul of ancient Greece.

Here, in full color, is the hill where Ulysses' palace stood; here lived Nestor and Agamemnon. Here you see the *view from the cave of Polyphemus*, and the great rock he flung after the fleeing Ulysses. To this lovely stream, Nausicaa came at Athene's bidding and met Ulysses. In this peaceful setting, Circe turned men to swine. Here is the land of the lotos-eaters (the "lotos" flower caused men to lose their longing for home). These are the "monster" rocks of Scylla and Charybdis; here is the Naiads' cave where Ulysses planned his revenge on the suitors. In this limpid bay, Telemachus beached his boat; on this tempest tossed hill lived Aeolus, master of the winds. Here is the true landscape of poetry, for according to the most painstaking research, these are the actual sites Homer had in mind when he wrote the *Odyssey*.

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Besides accompanying Ulysses through the actual itinerary of his adventures, the book traces him through 700 years of Greek art as well. Here, in statues, carvings, vase and wall paintings is how the ancient Greeks saw their favorite hero. To track down these works, photographer Lessing undertook an odyssey of his own, travelling some 16,000 miles.

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